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## Events of the Week.

IN summary, the war news is nearly everywhere satisfactory, and at one point brilliant. That one point is the centre of the most vital line—the line in France. Here the French have made an advance which may possibly become shattering. It drives a broad wedge into the German lines between Combles and Peronne, threatening the enemy's position in both places. The British in France have remained quiet for the most part, consolidating the positions won by the fine actions around Ginchy last week. But yesterday's bulletin speaks of a small advance close to Ginchy, and even the smallest advance in that quarter threatens to isolate Combles. In the Near East, the capture of Orsova by Roumania is confirmed; there is further progress in Transylvania, and the Roumanian right is in touch with the Russians in Bukowina. But news from the Dobrudja is rather ominously obscure, and we only know that the fall of Silistria is confirmed. The Allied Armies under General Sarraill along the curved line north of Salonika show signs of movement at last. The British have made a reconnaissance across the Struma, and some progress up the Vardar valley; while the French and Serbians restrain the Bulgars from further encroachment into Greek territory in the Ostrovo region upon the Allied left. The news from German East Africa is small but satisfactory, seeming to show that the task of General Smuts has been nearly accomplished, and with great credit.

COMING to detail, we find the event of the week has

been the most gallant and successful advance of the French along a four-mile front between the extreme right of the British lines and the River Somme. We summarize the movement in another column, and show its significance: the probable abandonment of Combles by the enemy, the increasing threat to the enemy's positions at Peronne and Mt. St. Quentin (commanding Peronne), the interruption to the main road along the enemy's former lines, and the possibility that further action, especially on the British right from Ginchy, might compel the Germans to withdraw to fresh positions at some distance eastward. It was just at the end of last week that our troops, advancing through Guillemont and Leuze wood, occupied Ginchy—a movement in which the Irish especially distinguished themselves. On the left of the great advance that began on July 1st, Thiepval remains in German hands, though it stands in a narrower and more closely blockaded salient than Combles.

THE other main interest of the week has been centred round Salonika. On Monday the British crossed the Struma north and south of the Tachinos Lake or Marsh, and drove the Bulgarians out of a few villages, as we describe in another column. Some of our troops advanced to within a few miles of Seres, an important town recently abandoned by the Greeks to the Bulgarian army upon its advance to Drama and Kavalla, and connected with Salonika by the railway through Doiran, over the Demir-Hissar bridge across the Struma; and by the only road worthy to be called a high road in the whole region. But though our advance was at first regarded as the beginning of a general offensive from Salonika, it appears to have been little more than a reconnaissance in no great force. Along the hilly lines between the Struma and Doiran the guns are at work on both sides. The British on their extreme left flank are slowly beating up towards the old Serbian frontier at Ghevgheli, and some sixty miles away, still further to the left, the French appear to be assisting the Serbs in holding or advancing the positions beyond Lake Ostrovo. For, on Thursday, it was reported that the French had occupied Sorovitch, the last important place along the Monastir railway till it reaches Florina, another of the towns lately abandoned by the Greeks to the Bulgars without a struggle.

THE position in Greece, and especially the possible movement of the Allied forces based upon Salonika, depends chiefly on the direction in which Roumania may act, and the success of her action. The news from the Dobrudja, upon her extreme eastern flank, has been very obscure all the week. There appears to be no doubt that, besides the fortress of Turtukai (forty miles from Bucharest), Roumania has also lost Silistria, further down the Danube, the principal city of the district, which she acquired from Bulgaria in 1913. There have been rumors that the Russo-Roumanian force moving south between Silistria and the Black Sea has re-occupied the town of Dobritch and is threatening Baltchik on the coast, while the Russian fleet is bombarding Varna itself.

But these rumors are at present unconfirmed, as is the rumor about a bombardment of Rustchuk, the Bulgarian fortress further west up the Danube, and the preparation to cross the river there, as though for an advance upon Tirnova such as the Russians made when they delivered Bulgaria from the Turks in the late 'seventies.

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BUT the chief efforts of Roumania are evidently still directed towards Transylvania, where she is welcomed by a people of her own race. Her occupation of Orsova, on the Danube, where Roumania, Serbia, and the Banat (also a prize much desired by Roumanians) join in a point of acute angles, appears to be established. North-east from that point, along the great arc of the Carpathians, Roumanian divisions have penetrated into Transylvania by various passes—the Vulcan (leading to Petroşeny), the Rother Thurm (leading to Hermanstadt), and the Tomos (leading to Kronstadt or Brasso). On the northern bend of the arc, just beyond the point where the Roumania frontier meets the Bukovina and the Borgo Pass leads into Hungary proper, Roumanian forces are now in touch with the advancing Russians. The actual place is Dorna Watra, and it lies only about twenty-five miles south of the other frontier town of Kirlibaba. That, again, is close to the 6,000 ft. peak of Mount Kapul, commanding another pass, which General Brusiloff and his Russians are reported to have seized, though this is denied by the German bulletin.

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EXCEPT in the Carpathians, there has been comparatively little movement on the Russian front. While Hindenburg and Ludendorff, in their new capacities, were examining the situation on the Somme, the Germans attempted violent counter-attacks on the West Dvina, north of Dvinsk, at the end of last week; but, according to Petrograd bulletins, the attacks broke down. So did a similar counter-attack towards Kovel. Upon the Dneister, General Brusiloff has continued his pressure against the important position of Halicz, and the town is reported to be in flames. But about a week ago the Russians seem to have suffered a rather serious check upon the Narajowka, one of the numerous parallel tributaries entering the Dniester from the north. It joins the main river close to Halicz, and the height of its right or western bank seems to have made the German defence easy. Consequently, the town itself remains in the enemy's hands. From the rest of the Russian front there is little news. Snow has begun to fall in the Carpathians.

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THE situation in Greece is a little more unstable than before. The respectable M. Zaimis has resigned, and a successor has not been found. M. Dimitrikapoulos, who in the Chamber is the happy leader of two faithful followers, has been asked to form a Cabinet, and has failed, either because he had no policy, or the situation was not ripe for one, or the King had not made up his mind what to do. Constantine's policy has reduced the country to a mere waiter on war-fortunes. A decisive Roumanian success might have ended this suspense; after Turtukai, the King has a plausible reason for maintaining it. Probably the best immediate forerunner of the inevitable Venezelos Ministry would be M. Roumanos, who has ability and character, and was very favorably known here and in Paris.

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THE "rounding-up" policy, under which thousands of patriotic men were stopped on their way to work or at the doors of theatres, some of them marched through the streets and treated with jeers and ignominy by the

crowd, or with roughness by the military who arrested them, and called on to prove their innocence of the offence of shirking, has been abandoned. This step is either due to the personal intervention of the Prime Minister, or to the public indignation, expressed with the utmost bitterness, at the insult to the country and the arrogance with which it was inflicted, or to proof of its complete failure, or was a result of all these causes combined. The War Office explanation is merely *pour rire*. It has received, it stated, a number of "allegations" that a great number of shirkers of military age were abroad, and had, it hinted, conceived this method of discovering that in fact they were "without foundation." In other words, the War Office, which should have known the facts, and had the machinery for dealing with them without this gross offence to the nation, acted on a mean and false act of delation. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Derby will have to answer for this conduct in Parliament.

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NEGOTIATIONS began on Wednesday between the railway managers and officials of the National Union of Railwaymen on the subject of the men's demand for an all-round increase of 10s. a week in wages. The South Wales Railwaymen threatened to strike, but it was not generally believed that the threat would be carried out. The temperature of Labor controversies is always rather higher in South Wales, and the concession to the miners has also had a marked effect on local feeling. A settlement is generally expected, but the railway companies' offer of 3s. is quite inadequate and has been rejected. The men's case for an all-round increase of 10s. is based on the great rise in prices since the last award. It is one of the disadvantages of an all-grade union that, as a matter of internal tactics, it is sometimes necessary to make a flat demand which covers cases of varying strength. There are railwaymen still receiving only 27s. a week, worth less than 15s. before the war, and their right to a handsome advance is clear and incontestable. The rise in prices justifies indeed an increase for all grades, but not necessarily the same increase. Meanwhile, the nation is still awaiting the report of Mr. Robertson's Committee on prices.

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THE State of Maine, polling nearly two months before the general body of the States, has gone solidly Republican, whereas it was divided in its previous allegiance. A Republican Governor was elected by a majority of 13,000, regarded by the party as a satisfactory victory, and foreboding well for Mr. Hughes's chances next November. Though the opinions of a small, mainly rural, State like Maine are not decisive of wider national tendencies, the issue undoubtedly suggests the probability that, in the East at any rate, the large Progressive vote, lost formerly to Mr. Taft, will be recovered for the candidature of Mr. Hughes. If even a substantial majority of Roosevelt men can thus be brought back into the Republican fold, while the Teutonic and other "gin the Government" forces can be rallied for Mr. Hughes, it looks as if his election would be secured. But to keep together such a mixture over the voting day is a highly critical performance.

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THE "Times" published an article on Thursday from its medical correspondent on the subject of the disabled soldier, which shows how necessary it is to devise a careful and thorough system for dealing with the whole question. Disabled soldiers fall into two classes; those who may be rendered unfit for military service and those who are clearly and finally incapaci-



tated. If a man is in the first class, great care is taken of him under a combined system of training and treatment, which aims at restoring muscles and stimulating the will. If a man is in the second class, who is responsible for him? Not the Army, for his soldiering days are over. Yet, obviously, it is imperative, both on the grounds of justice and on those of national policy, that the man who has been finally incapacitated by war should be treated with just as much attention as the man who is to go back to the trenches. It is intolerable that he should be flung on one side with a wretched pittance and left to his friends, or to charity. Yet this is happening every day.

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THE methods of the Army doctors make it essential that the practice of refusing a pension to a man whose disability is not due to military service should be revised. Last week a man was passed after being rejected six or seven times, and a few days after his medical examination he died of tuberculosis. Some boards openly declare, when passing a doubtful case, "When he is in the Army, if it makes him ill, they will soon chuck him out." This sort of thing will go on until the Army is made responsible for all the men who are disabled. Certain military tribunals think it is their business to press everybody into the Army, fit or unfit. To pass an unfit man is to impede the work of the Army and to assume a responsibility for the future of the man himself.

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WHAT is wanted is some system that will secure for these men the same methods of treatment as the soldier receives. It is the business and duty of the nation to restore their powers as far as restoration is possible, and to apply for this purpose all the lessons learnt by the experience of our military command depôts. We want to bring back muscle and will to men who are going to be useful at home when they can no longer be useful in the trenches. The military institutions combine treatment with training for war. These men should be helped back to health and strength in institutions that combine treatment with training for peace. The Agricultural Colleges at Holmeschapel, in Cheshire, provides a course of training for disabled soldiers, and it is obvious that agriculture and gardening are among the occupations for which men suffering from broken nerves may hopefully be trained. But at present the efforts that are being made of this kind are too sporadic and disconnected. The question demands a national settlement and organization: it is far too large and serious for local treatment.

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THE Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions has appealed to the Prime Minister to take advantage of the peace negotiations to promote international legislation dealing with hours, rest, dangerous trades, night work, children's labor, and other industrial questions. The proposal, the Committee explains, has the support of representative labor leaders in France, Belgium, and Italy. There is a precedent for such a course in the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna in respect of the slave trade, and if there were no precedent, the proposal would command general sympathy. In this way we might demonstrate to the world that the Alliance was inspired by great human ideals, and we might use our power to help the wage-earners in countries where trade unionism is less strongly established than here.

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THE meeting of the Trade Union Congress at

Birmingham has been chosen as the occasion for several peers to ventilate their views upon the delicate subject of the relations between Capital and Labor in the columns of the "Times." Lord Sydenham set the ball rolling by a well-intentioned appeal for harmonious co-operation, to which was appended a recommendation to trade unions that they should drop some of the regulations which the Government and employers had undertaken to restore after the war. This was followed by a long sermon by Lord Wrenbury (better known as Mr. Justice Buckley) deploring the fallacious notion that any real antagonism could exist between Capital and Labor, and reminding workers that, whereas Labor had only one claim to the product, Capital had two, by virtue of its contributions of abstinence and risk. The only condition on which Labor could expect to get a share in profit was that it should also share the losses which afflicted business men. Besides, every laborer is really a "capitalist," if he would consent to regard himself as such!

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BUT this reversion to exploded mid-Victorian political economy is innocent when compared with the brief epistle of Lord Lamington, who exposed his heart's desire in a blank demand for the repeal of the Trades Disputes Act as the "first step" towards industrial reform. Collective bargaining would then disappear, and "every worker thus would get his individual freedom." Other anonymous employers back up the timely attack upon trade unionism by examples of restriction of output. Now, without arguing here the merits of the case, we must express amazement that any responsible man in this land, lord or commoner, should be so ignorant of the perils which await the country when industrial reconstruction comes as to plunge these burning brands into the inflammable material that everywhere abounds. To anyone acquainted with the trouble ahead such letters can only be considered acts of criminal folly.

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WE hope that, even in the noise of the war, Sir George Newman's terrible statement that out of the six million children in the elementary schools a million are so mentally or physically defective as not to reap "reasonable benefit" from their training, will have an awakening effect. It may go with the revelation that between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, the education of 900,000 of our young folk is utterly neglected, and the further fact that over 60,000 children are being improperly kept out of school. Thus the life-blood of the State flows away, not in France and Flanders only, but at our doors. A heavy price to pay for our hardness of heart and darkness of mind.

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WE are quite sure that the country does not mean that "Conscientious Objectors" should die in labor camps or in prisons as the result either of active cruelty or neglect. Yet this is what has happened to a Mr. Roberts, at Dyce, near Aberdeen. A series of letters have been published from him and his friends alleging every kind of physical hardship—such as soaked beds and clothing, continued night after night. The result was that nearly everybody in camp had colds, the weaker were much enfeebled, and Mr. Roberts died. An inquiry into the state of the camp is asked for, and cannot be denied. We cannot assume a deliberate attempt to punish these men for their opinions; but if there was no such motive, why should not they have had decent living and treatment, so long as they honestly did the work which the State assigned them?

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE INTERDICTION ON THOUGHT.

It is to the credit of the nation that its public spirit, as expressed in its newspapers of all types of opinion, has availed to stop the scenes that have lately disgraced its chief cities and their public places. The War Office, indeed, has explained it all. It declares that the "rounding up" of good citizens, with the apparent object of discovering and drafting into the Army one or two who might prove to be bad, was really undertaken to show that no such class of shirkers existed. In other words, the country required an object-lesson in its true temper and character, and the War Office has kindly supplied it. The explanation has a theological rather than a military air, for it recalls the theory that sin was created in order to furnish conclusive evidence of the goodness of God. But it is not unfamiliar in this controversy about conscription. When the call for conscription was first set up, a legion of single and married "slackers" was invented to show that only by force could the manhood of the British nation be enrolled for the war. The available nation was practically enrolled already; but that was no matter. Conscription came, and still the "slacker" is sought. Doubtless he exists; not every man has the spirit of the soldier. But it hardly seems necessary to libel the whole country and suggest that out of the loins from which issued the New (volunteer) Armies came also a plentiful brood of cowards. A people who streamed literally by the million to the recruiting offices, to take the chance of death in the most distant and inhospitable climates, or thronged to the munition works to keep the Armies supplied, is now spoken of as if they were cattle to be "rounded up," or vermin to be "combed out." The War Office, adopting this characterization of the most adventurous race in the world, re-establishes the press-gang, seizes thousands of men of all classes on their way to their daily work, pens them in sheds, and calls on them to prove themselves innocent of the cowardice and bad faith of which it assumes them to be guilty. Getting nothing for their pains, these gentlemen inform us that they acted on "allegations," and plume themselves on their cleverness in disproving them. We are not at all disposed to reject the abundant evidence which such conduct affords of the evils of conscription. But conscriptionists and anti-conscriptionists are equally interested in protecting the good name of the nation. Parliament is their common organ, and to that body the Radical Minister of War who has directed these operations must make an explanation and apology.

We pass from this proceeding to the kindred act of commandeering the National Liberal and the Constitutional Clubs. To both of them is appended the excuse that it is necessary to "win the war." Again we are not informed how this foreign war for liberty is to be won by carrying on a domestic war on the free habits and institutions of the British peoples. We are told that the work of the War Office and of the Munitions Department can only be carried on by seizing the one social centre of Liberal opinions which exists, and the one democratic centre of Conservative opinions. That seems a heavy price to pay for a slightly increased efficiency of routine. But this is hardly alleged. The National Liberal Club at least is seized that it may provide a register of the armies and munition workers, to be used for purposes of demobilization. That is an important function, from which, in any case, the War Office must absolutely be dissociated; but it is not a matter of instant urgency. And is there no competing

national need to keep alive the spirit of criticism and independent political thought on which, in the last resort, the nation's characteristic policy and power of action depend? The war will be "won" or "lost," not over this or that bit of territory, but over the victory or the defeat of certain principles of political conduct. We, in the main, represent one set of principles; Germany another set. In particular, we are the least militarist, the least bureaucratic, of the great nations of Europe. Do we propose to entrust the unchecked interpretation of our creed to militarists and bureaucrats? If so, we had better scrap our politics, our Parliaments, our clubs, our freedom, and find in the process of changing all these things to the likeness of the German State, that we have no quarrel with Germany save such as springs from the unreconciled ambitions of two Empires. But that is not the war for which thousands of Britons and Irishmen have shed their blood. It is quite another war, and will need a different defence from that which the Prime Minister has advanced for the original enterprise.

A second example lies before us of this military attempt at the destruction of free thought and of its legitimate and necessary means of expression. We referred last week to the War Office interdict, the object of which is to prohibit Mr. Bertrand Russell from delivering a series of arranged lectures on political philosophy. We have the syllabus of these six lectures before us. Their subjects are: Political Ideals, Evils of Capitalism, the Wages System, Pitfalls in Socialism, Individual Freedom and State Control, National Independence and Internationalism, Education and Prejudice. We turn to the only subject which can conceivably bring Mr. Russell within the longest range of the artillery of war, namely, Individual Freedom and State Control. What did Mr. Russell propose to consider under it? The syllabus informs us that the regions in which Mr. Russell's mind proposed to range were: religion, morals, conscience, choice of occupation, marriage, limits of allegiance to the State, thought, opinion, free speech, art. Surveying these objects of intelligence the War Office came to the conclusion that Mr. Russell's treatment of them might be regarded as "propaganda." "Such topics," it informed Mr. Russell, as the "sphere of compulsion in good government," and the "limits of allegiance to the State" would, in particular, seem to require very careful handling if they are not to be mistaken for propaganda of the type which it is desired to postpone till after the conclusion of hostilities." Therefore it decided that unless Mr. Russell would pledge himself to abstain from using these ancient intellectual symbols as a "vehicle for propaganda," he should be forbidden to deal with them at all. There indeed the interrogation stops. These military metaphysicians omit to specify what "propaganda" they wish to stop. Probably the propaganda of Thought, which has never been popular at the War Office. The nation which rushed into the fray with the one watchword of "freedom" on its lips, is to sit mumchance, when—looking through and beyond the mists of war—its ablest and most honest minds seek to find some foothold for its thinking. Or if it thinks, it must only think one way.

Now with all respect to these jackboot inquisitors, think the nation must, and for this reason we endorse the plea of the "Times" for a speedy assembling of a representative Parliament and for the return of members on active service to their normal duties at Westminster. The idea that the Executive works best without the Houses of Parliament is quite exploded. It works far worse. Many departments of war organization—air service,



pensions, munitions—have either been conspicuously benefited by Parliamentary criticism, or have been lifted out of depths of muddle and inefficiency. Nor are we in the least degree afraid of the return of the members from the front. For the most part they have brought with them an enlightened and knowledgeable spirit. They know what war means; its significance appears to them not in figments of the mind or mirages of rhetoric but in terms of the agony and endurance of men. Moreover, the task of Parliament is becoming concrete and peculiar to itself. Parliament and the country must, in the language of the "Times," begin to envisage the "problems of a lasting peace at home and abroad." At present the Government is unguided. It does not know what sort of peace the country wants. It has not asked, still less, we presume, does it know, what its enemy would accept or its allies endorse. But time is passing. The youth of Europe is falling by the million, and yet all the belligerent nations are preparing for a third winter of war. The interval is indeed all important. A few weeks, or even a few days, may bring a certain material enlightenment. We hope they will witness a German retreat in the West which will end, or almost end, the occupation of France and Belgium. In that event, the German military power will have been badly broken and largely stripped of its *elan* and its recuperative strength. On the other hand, we may have to admit a further stage of indecision prolonged over months of inaction. We incline strongly to the first hypothesis, which all the military signs support. If it be realized, it will be our duty to the Allies, to civilization, to consider the real question—which is how to secure a lasting peace, without waging one hour of unnecessary war. To that end we are bound to ask ourselves what kind of settlement it is that we want. Broadly, as we argue in the following article, the alternatives are two. If we want a mere territorial peace, we can probably get it at the cost of two or three million more lives, and the renewed desolation of Europe. If in the main we aim at a peace of security, we can have that, too, but we must then seek a new form of international organization. Is not that the better end? And in any case, is it not time for Parliament to begin to think for the nation, and the nation for Parliament?

#### THE REAL DESTRUCTION OF PRUSSIAN MILITARISM.

It cannot be affirmed that the end of the war is as yet in sight. But a growing disposition exists here and among our enemies, for discussions, not indeed of concrete terms of settlement, but of the basic guarantees of a durable peace. On both sides a divided mind is seen. On both sides the division is the same and has the same reaction on the adversary. First, there is the definite war-mind. This finds in military victory, the dictation of terms, and the resulting rearrangement of Europe, the sole and sufficient guarantee of a pacific future. Such a school is necessarily pessimistic. It has, we imagine, no serious belief in the possibility of reduced armaments or in an international arrangement for the settlement of differences, and it has no real intention to experiment along these lines. There is another mind, not decisively pacifist, but rooted in the conviction that a military victory alone, followed by a merely arbitrary rearrangement of Europe, cannot furnish a measure of security. This mind looks to ordered internationalism as the chief hope of saving civilization. In both groups of belligerent countries the war-mind is, not unnaturally, the more prominent. It is disposed to ignore or depreciate

the feeling after some kind of European union, which is the first sign in Germany of a reaction against the statecraft which made the war. It points to a settlement which will make a *tabula rasa* of the Central European Empires and place the entire control of European policy in the hands of the *Entente*. All this reacts. In Germany every demand made on our platforms or in our press for the dismemberment of German territory or the destruction of German commerce, serves to feed the fanatical appeals of Prussian militarism for fresh efforts of resistance, costs more thousands of allied lives, and renders more difficult the task of rebuilding Europe.

A reading of the recent German press makes it evident that the pronouncement of the Paris Economic Conference in particular is utilized by the Chauvinists, or "bitter-enders," to incite the German people to believe that it is the fixed determination of the Allies to treat them as political and commercial pariahs. And if the Paris pronouncement were the only valid evidence of the Allies' state of mind, such a belief might seem justified. But it is not. The "permanent measures" of the Paris Conference may be put with Bethmann-Hollweg's "war-map." It may well be that the mind of our Government, as in Germany, to some extent reflects the division of the general mind. But it is definitely untrue that the men in direction of our future foreign policy are believers in the cruder schemes of crushing German trade, holding down its armed Germany, or acquiescing in a Europe permanently based on the divisions of the war. On the contrary, we believe that many responsible statesmen in this country, irrespective of party attachments, are coming more and more to recognize that the best hope for a tolerable future lies in efforts towards a League of Nations founded on mutual guarantees and arrangements. The principles of the League to Enforce Peace, initiated with the only great Power not engaged in war, have not only received the adhesion of Mr. Wilson but of Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate, so that whatever be the issue of the November elections, that principle stands as the challenge of America to Europe. Sir Edward Grey has expressly endorsed the principle, and both he and Mr. Asquith have committed themselves to work for the realization of these international arrangements after the war.

Now, there remain grave doubts whether the mind of Germany can be bowed or bent to the acceptance of an attitude and a national policy which she has hitherto consistently and stubbornly refused. The greatest material force on the Continent was also the most definitely non-moral force. Germany hitherto has stood aloof from all proposals to substitute international justice for national self-will, and to endow arrangements for the peaceable and equitable settlements of disputes with the requisite authority and power. The issue is indeed a crucial one. It is of the essence of German militarism to insist that Germany will not submit her arbitrary power to the judgment of any Areopagus, and that, in the last resort, she will always rely upon her strong right arm to make good her national interests or demands. If Germany can be brought to a definite and final renouncement of this position, the inner spirit of German militarism would already be destroyed, and it would be destroyed in the only way in which such destruction is possible, viz., by the voluntary act of the German Government and people. It is one task to defeat the armies which are the embodiment of this military spirit. But that is only the preliminary to the task of securing from their rulers the definite acceptance of a pacific international standard and rule for national conduct. When that comes German militarism ends.

Nor is this merely a matter for indefinite later consideration. A full realization of its significance might materially contribute towards an earlier settlement. When Mr. Asquith explained in his lucid way that the destruction of German militarism did not imply the destruction or dismemberment of Germany or any encroachment on her liberties, he paved the way for a juster realization in Germany of the true purposes of the Allies. Might it not now be possible to add to the definition of what the destruction of German militarism is not, a clearer definition of what it is? And in this connection we quote the final sentences of a document which, being prepared primarily for influencing opinion in neutral countries, has not found publication in our ordinary press. After a rehearsal of the necessities which brought the Allies into conflict with the German claims, and which compel us to continue fighting until Prussian militarism is destroyed, the signatories of this document, amongst whom we note consistent supporters of our cause, such as Mr. Archer, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Professor Hobhouse, give the following account of our national demand. "When our Ministers spoke of destroying Prussian militarism, they meant the ending of a system which has compelled all Europe to arm, and now to send all its sons to die in millions. *That system can be ended as soon as Germany is ready to accept what most other nations have long desired, the settlement of international questions by peaceful arbitration or co-operation in council, and not by the open or secret menace of the sword.*"

Here, it seems to us, is the clear statement of the first condition of a settlement. It is not certain that any military victory, however decisive, can in itself bring the ending of the Prussian system, or can even compel the German people to desire its end instead of desiring to foster it for some distant revenge. It is probable that further military successes for the Allies will be required to break the old obstructive will of Germany. But there are signs that, with the gigantic loss of life she has sustained and with the certainty of further disasters staring her in the face, she is ripening for a repudiation of all her "conquests." If Germany could be brought to such a definite repudiation, and to a clear expression of her willingness to enter such a European system as is proposed, a preliminary basis for negotiations would have been reached. We should then be some distance from concrete terms of settlement. Germany has done much ill, which she must atone for and repair. But supposing her growing and intense desire not to be exposed to another winter in the trenches inclines her to seek an armistice, what line of approach would be the most promising? Well, there is one phrase in the German Chancellor's fire-breathing speech of last April which deserves more publicity than it has obtained here. "The peace," says Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, "which ends the war must be a lasting peace. It must not contain in it the seeds of new wars, but the seeds of a final, peaceful regulation of European affairs." That in itself is not enough. Germany will have to hear the cry of "Hands off" for all her predatory ambitions. But to those who urge that it is not possible to accept any pledge from Germany, we can only answer that such a view, if correct, would be fatal to any future security, and that if it prevails we must make up our minds to go on till in fact Germany's military machine is so completely pulverised as to make it possible to hold down Central Europe by sheer force for an indefinite period. Is this really practical? We agree that material guarantees are essential if militarism is to be kept in check. But may not those guarantees form part of the conditions of the international arrangement between the Powers?

#### FROM SOMME TO STRUMA.

If the Kaiser and his Chancellor are now to meet Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Archduke Charles, and Enver Pasha in conference somewhere upon the Eastern front, they will have plenty to confer about. Leaving out of account the questions of finance, food, trade, and internal politics, they will find the military situation enough. For the last fortnight, at every point but one, the pressure of the Allies has increased, and at two points it has threatened to increase more quickly during the last week. Those two points are on the Somme and the Struma, and the news from both must influence the decisions of that distinguished council of war. What is Hindenburg going to do? Verdun must be written off as a costly failure. Russia has recovered, and Roumania has come down on the side of the Allies. Falkenhayn has gone. What is Hindenburg going to do?

On the Somme, last Tuesday altered the face of things. The honor belonged to the French troops under General Fayolles, on four miles of the front north of the river and south of Combles. There had been a pause in the fighting for about five days, when on Tuesday morning the French guns opened a tremendous and concentrated fire upon the German first line of trenches. The signal for the infantry advance was given soon after mid-day, and in less than half-an-hour the whole of the German first line for the length of four miles was carried. The defenders were utterly overcome and demoralized by the crushing French bombardment. After an hour's further bombardment upon the German second line, the infantry again advanced and fought their way (partly through the difficult Marrières Wood) to the second line, which defended the high road from Péronne running north to Bapaume. Not even waiting to establish themselves upon the road, they pushed still further east to the village of Bouchavesnes, which they occupied that night. Early on Wednesday morning they continued the advance south-east of that village to a farm called Bois d'Abbé, where alone the enemy appear to have made counter-attacks, violent but fruitless.

By Wednesday evening over 2,300 German prisoners were counted, besides ten guns (some heavy), 40 machine guns, and large quantities of stores from this sector alone. The Germans appear to have been surprised and overcome both by the intense continuance of the bombardment, as we said, and especially by the vigor and rapidity of the infantry charge. Though the ground gained is small in extent (some four miles long by one mile deep) compared with the results of victories where there are no entrenchments, the results are of great significance. The German artillery position at the small town of Combles is now threatened by a semi-circle of the Allies. From the north-west the British, though ominously silent, threaten an advance from Ginchy towards Morval, which would cut Combles off from the north; while, on the south, the French have now advanced nearly two miles east of Combles to a point close to Rancourt, on the Péronne-Bapaume road. If the British should advance even a mile from their Ginchy position it seems impossible for the Germans to remain in Combles, and their line of retreat would be harassed by the British from the north and the French from the south. With good luck on our side the surrenders should be large.

That is the first and most obvious advantage the French "push" has gained. Passing south along their new line, we next find that, by seizing and crossing the Péronne-Bapaume road, they have completely cut the enemy's communication between those points, unless new roads have been constructed in the rear under shelter from the French guns. The only other practic-



able old road from Peronne went round by Cambrai, some twenty miles north-east. Further south still, though the French have not yet reached the road, they are at Feuillaucourt, east of Cléry, and not far north of the river. From that point they threaten the German artillery position on Mount St. Quentin, which commands Péronne itself. It is true, the French would have to cross the valley of the little stream Tortille, a tributary of the Somme from the north-east, before an assault was possible upon Mount St. Quentin, which overhangs the main road less than a mile from Peronne; but the French bulletins evidently regard the situation as favorable for attack.

There is the further point that, by crossing the road and establishing themselves at Bouchavesnes, the French have definitely pierced what was the German third and final line of defence before this stupendous battle of the Somme began on July 1st. It is a triumph, but too much must not be made of that; for the Germans are seldom to be caught unprepared, and they have naturally been constructing fresh lines in their rear, to be ready for a possible reverse such as this. Still, we may fairly hope that the new lines will not be so complete or so elaborately dug and built. For the present, they will not be far removed. But if Combes and Peronne should fall to the Allies, it is a question whether the Germans must not "shorten their line" by withdrawing to the Cambrai-St. Quentin road, or even further towards the Belgian frontier, establishing themselves on a new line from Valenciennes to Laon, in which case they might be driven to abandon Lille as well. That is one of the questions for the War Council and Hindenburg.

Up to the time of writing, the Balkan situation is much more obscure. The Balkan peoples always have a way of looking to their own immediate and separate interests first. That is the natural result of centuries of conflicts over national frontiers—conflicts in which the inhabitants of newly acquired territory were as far as possible exterminated or expelled, so as to silence future claims. Accordingly we find that, in the present war, each Balkan nationality engaged is chiefly anxious to stake out the bits of territory to which it intends to put in a claim at the peace. So Bulgaria, for instance, at once began by re-occupying the ground of which she thought herself unjustly deprived by the Treaty of Bucharest, the origin of all our present difficulties in the Balkans. She captured the Monastir district from Serbia. She has re-occupied the Kavalla district from Greece. She is now attempting to re-occupy the Dobrudja, snatched from her by Roumania in 1913. Similarly, Roumania, with eyes always fixed on her ancient claims in Transylvania, has directed her main forces across the Carpathians, and to Orsova westward, instead of striking south across the Danube at the heart of the enemy in Sofia. There may possibly be larger strategic reasons, which are not yet apparent. But at the present time it is obvious that the pre-occupation of her chief armies in the Transylvanian defiles has exposed her to the risk of losing the Dobrudja (not to say more) to Mackensen's combined forces of Germans and Bulgarians. And, what is far worse from the Allied point of view, it is depriving General Sarrail at Salonika of his surest and shortest way to a triumphant victory. For it seems impossible that the Bulgars, however elaborate their defences of the Danube and the passes through the southern and eastern mountains of their old frontier, could long withstand a combined attack upon their capital by Roumanians from the north and General Sarrail's large armies of French and British, with Russian, Italian, and Serbian contingents from the south and east. With Sofia threatened or occupied, the Bulgarian power collapses, the communication between

Germany-Austria, and Turkey-Baghdad, is permanently severed, and the Central Powers are surrounded by a ring from which there is no outlet.

The great mystery and disappointment of the war has, indeed, been the prolonged inactivity of the Allied forces round Salonika. The contingents sent last October were far too small to save Serbia, especially when Greece repudiated her treaty with the Serbians and her promises to the Allies. Winter was spent in constructing an impregnable line of defence from the Vardar across the base of the peninsula to the Gulf of Orfano. Since then the Allies have advanced to a line of about 150 miles, from a point beyond Lake Ostrovo on the west, across the Vardar near the old Serbian frontier at Ghevgeli, past Lake Doiran, and so to the Struma Valley, the Tachinos lake (or marsh), and the mouth of the Struma, near ancient Amphipolis, upon the Gulf of Orfano. Meantime, the Bulgars, having pushed southward from Sofia through the Struma pass by Fort Rupel, have quietly occupied the Greek territory on the opposite bank of the Struma; and there they at present remain. Last Monday British forces of no great strength advanced across the valley (or rather, part of the Tachinos Marsh) and drove the Bulgars out of small deserted villages, but do not appear to have attempted a serious movement or a permanent occupation. There are reasons for this long inactivity—the extreme heat (soon to change to considerable cold), the want of roads, the difficulty of transport and supplies through the mountainous country in front. But, as we must suppose, the main reason for delay has been the renewed expectation of a Roumanian advance from the north, with which General Sarrail from the south could co-operate without risk. So far, the hope has been disappointed, and if, as is rumored, Hindenburg inclines to an offensive in the east, it may be feared that the failure to silence Bulgaria and cut off Turkey will give him encouragement, however formidable the union of Russians and Roumanians among the difficult Carpathian mountains may appear. What would be worse for us, as for Roumania, he may have resolved upon an attempt to crush the Roumanian forces in detail as they emerge through the passes, and so frustrate the hopes which appeared to be growing so much brighter on our Balkan front.

#### THE WORKMAN AS SOLDIER.

A SMALL working party was engaged in some tunnelling operations when there was a sudden fall of earth, and five men were buried. Four of them were miners and one an infantryman attached to the company. The officer in charge of his company set to work vigorously to extricate them, and at last three were rescued. The remaining two were in a more inaccessible place; but, after working for some hours, their comrades succeeded in making a small hole, just large enough to let one of the two, a North of England miner, creep out. The infantryman who was with him was a bigger man. The officer, thanking God that at any rate four out of the five were saved, called to the miner to come out, but the miner refused, telling the officer that no custom or tradition was more sacred in the miners' world than the custom that forbids one of two imprisoned men to save himself and let his comrade die alone. The soldiers set to work again, but it was a long and almost hopeless task, and in the end a shell destroyed prisoners and prison together.

It was commonly urged by critics who disparaged Militia systems and Territorial schemes in the old days, that long training was essential to produce the necessary qualities of a soldier. These critics argued that in war

men are called upon to endure such horrible and terrifying ordeals that nothing but a system of discipline and penalties which makes obedience second nature will secure an army against panic and weakness. Breaking in a soldier is like breaking a horse or a dog. You make the will of the dog the will of his master, and you make the will of the soldier the will of his officer. This simple analysis led many thinkers to conclude that the soldier could only be created by means of habit and drill, and it was one reason why our enemies disbelieved in our power to raise an effective army in the course of a few months out of the recalcitrant material of a population that was jealously attached to its traditions of personal independence. That it is wrong is clear to everybody who thinks of our handful of an army two years ago, and then looks at the map of Belgium, France, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Balkans. From the earliest dispatch sent home by Sir John French after the first Territorials had gone to the Front, to the latest dispatch from General Haig, telling of the Manchesters, the Worcesters, the Wiltshires, and a score of other units of the new armies, the history of the war is full of the prowess and courage of thousands of men who had never handled a fire-arm or seen a drill-ground before the outbreak of the war. If the theory had been true, we should not now be pushing the vast German troops out of a network of fortresses and heights which the enemy believed they had made impregnable to the attacks of the most highly trained and seasoned of the armies of France.

It is worth while to examine this theory, and to see exactly what it overlooked. The soldier must possess or acquire two sets of qualities. He must be loyal, putting some ideal of duty before his own comfort or safety, even in the most terrible of dangers. This is his moral foundation. He must also have what we may call the technical equipment of his profession: be nimble and dexterous, able instinctively to carry out a number of exercises and movements, strong enough to stand physical and nervous strain, quick to observe, to lead or to follow according to his rank. Now, the critics who argued that you could only make a soldier by years of the deadly routine of the drill-ground, assumed that both sets of qualities had to be developed from the beginning in the recruit. The recruit they had in mind was either the out-of-work or the casual and unsuccessful laborer, or the adventurous spirit which had never taken kindly to any form of routine or regular work. Men who had led this kind of existence had never had any controlling spirit of comradeship in their lives. They were essentially out on their own, living by their own wits in a cold and lonely world. For neither society nor their fellow-men had done anything to earn any loyalty from them. Boys who had been flung into a blind-alley occupation because it suited employers, private or public, to use up their boyhood, and had then been thrown on one side because it suited no employer to make use of youths or men who had received no training or experience that fitted them for anything, could scarcely be said to owe a debt to their country. When such a lad took the King's shilling, he had to set out to acquire qualities that are bred by living in a society with mutual claims and obligations, the spirit of comradeship, and these qualities were taught by the rough methods of the drill-sergeant.

What was forgotten by many of these critics was that, though, owing to our shameful sacrifice of the youth of the nation, many could only learn this in the Army, all this side of a soldier's equipment may be acquired outside the Army. In the case of officers, indeed, this truth is recognized freely enough. There, it is admitted, the public-school, with the spirit produced

by games and the moral tone of a self-respecting society, turns out (of course, with a percentage of failures) a type of youth who will regulate his conduct by some law of good form, and observe a standard of loyalty and comradeship. But many who are the first to appreciate this truth in the case of officers, are blind to the same truth in the case of men. They do not see that the trade union does for the workman what his school or university does for the officer. An officer has learnt that he must think of something else than his own pleasure or safety, because the standards of a society color his life. The trade unionist has learnt the same lesson in a fiercer school. His loyalty to his trade union demands from him privation and material sacrifice, and these not only for himself but for his family. The South Wales miner seems to the upper classes an unqualified nuisance when he comes out on strike from sympathy, and no punishment seems too harsh for him. But when the same spirit makes him accept the most terrible death on the battlefield abroad or in the mine at home, he is seen to be a hero. Everybody remembers the furious impatience of the public when the North-Eastern Railwaymen came out on strike because an engine driver had been condemned unjustly, but the moral strength of the Army in France is precisely this temper. It may be argued, indeed, that this is not discipline, and that discipline is obedience to authority. But it is what is vital in discipline, for if you have that spirit in men, the task of directing it is the business of leadership. If an Army or a unit composed of such men is lacking in outward discipline, the explanation is that there is something lacking in the leadership of the army or the unit. And with that spirit, there ought to be no occasion for the brutal forms of punishment that still survive, or the conventional habit of incessant abuse.

This is not the least of the elements of strength that the nation owes to trade unions in the war. The trade unions, which have fostered the spirit of unity and loyalty in the working classes, have thereby provided the best material for an army that had to be trained in quick time. They have also taught us that a nation which knows how to give the moral training outside its army can produce a citizen army without the terrible price of universal barracks. That lesson we have to apply to the future.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE "rounding-up" policy is dead, killed by the passion of resentment it aroused all over London and the provinces. What is to succeed it? On any fairly measured view of the number of men we want—say, up to next summer—there is, I believe, no need to anticipate any shrinkage of our forces, and, in any case, the policy of extending the age of service to 45 offers a very small addition to military efficiency. As usual, there are two schools. The one thinks in terms of soldiers, and more soldiers, and more again, and its chief exponent, I imagine, is Mr. Lloyd George. It cherishes the most extravagant ideas of its powers to "comb out" more men from our industries; as if we could seriously contemplate the silencing of the vast hum of work which keeps us and the Allies going. The other school, of which, after his article in Wednesday's "Times," I should claim Colonel Repington as an exponent—would pay more regard to the division of energies between fighting and munition making, with a special view to



Russian necessities. Quality is really the military aim of the second school; quantity of the first. I suppose that (as usual) they will fight and compromise. On another point of military system, there is no such division, and the "Times" is, I think, needlessly alarmed. There is no question of the decision of problems of military strategy being taken out of the hands in which they were definitely placed when the Ministry of War changed hands. They remain with the General Staff.

I OBSERVE the drawing of an ingenious contrast between the patriotic surrender of the Constitutional patriot to the needs of the Army and the miserable quibbling of the Little Englander who inhabits the National Liberal. I am afraid these pictures of nobility exists only in the fancy of the editors who compose them. The Constitutionals were just as angry as the National Liberals, and the destruction of the one Conservative centre which might be called democratic will not readily be forgiven, because few believe it to have been necessary. Within a stone's throw, or perhaps I ought to say a pistol shot, of the War Office and the Munitions Department is the Victoria Hotel, which a simple corridor could have turned into a mere continuation of the Metropole Hotel. There is Whitehall Court, and there is the Grand Hotel. There are St. James's Park and Hyde Park, both containing ample space for the erecting of temporary offices. As for the National Liberal, it is doubtful whether any large building in London is less suited to the purpose for which it has been taken. I have seen the admirable assemblage of *dossiers* accumulated in the offices of the French Ministry of Munitions in the Champs Elysées with an economy of space impossible in the pillared halls and salons of the National Liberal. The Office of Works is perfectly aware of this fact, for if I am not mistaken, the Club was surveyed some time ago and rejected on this ground. The only Club left to Liberalism has been dispersed, its invaluable library put out of action, its propaganda destroyed, its *ensemble* ruined, to save the War Office a little thought and trouble concerning the kind of accommodation it wants, while remonstrances with this slapdash haste are met with the idiot refrain—"Do you want to win the war?"

ONE word of warning. If the work of demobilization is put into the hands of the War Office, there will be trouble of which the Government will have to take account. I cannot conceive an association more distasteful to Labor, or more likely to be bitterly resented by it.

I CONFESS I read the debates of the Trade Union Congress with some sinking of the heart. The occasion was tremendous; no body of workmen ever had such a complex of difficulties before it. But the best observers came away with a depressed view of the leadership which has somehow got to find a way out of them. The note pitched was very low; even Mr. Gosling seemed to aim at a share in management which went beneath Mr. Chamberlain's admission of what, on a large view, capital might be willing to concede to labor when the future conduct of industry became a practical question. But the trouble all through was the want of a considered plan of discussion. The Congress went on its old lines of procedure by pious resolution. What was wanted was an official statement of general policy, thrashed out in bureaux, and remitted to a Council empowered to act for the trade union world, or at least to present its case—not on one point only—to the Government and to the representatives of capital. For the moment, the

danger is that one side will organize, concentrate, and make up its mind and policy, while the other beats the air. That is not the way to get a good National Industrial Agreement.

THE death of Janet Achurch makes many of us look back to the days when we first saw her as Nora in the "Doll's House." She had played a good deal before, and her charm of presence and personality was obvious enough. Then she burst out—there is no other word for it—as Nora. There were greater artists than she on the stage; but I cannot imagine any of her contemporaries coming to such a sudden and perfect flower of expression. Her girlish beauty of look, voice, and carriage was wonderful enough; to see her, then, was almost to fall in love with her. The art of her impersonation was to exhibit these gifts of nature, and then to let us see the shadow of experience falling on that gay, wild creature, and darkening the wings of her youth and enjoyment, until you forgot all about the artist's looks and thought only of the soul and mind whose birth she was exhibiting. The most brilliant passage of her playing was the dancing of the tarantella; the most truly exciting, the following talk with her husband. For many playgoers Janet Achurch's "Nora" was the beginning of their interest in the woman's movement and their understanding of it. It was a delightful work of imagination and conception, but it was also a powerful, though quite unconscious, piece of propagandism.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

OF political clubs, as of other human things, it is possible to speak much good and much evil, and both will be true. Party habitations, it is to be expected that they should present in some exaggeration both the qualities and defects of party. The cynic or the satirist who is concerned to dwell upon the weaknesses of mankind finds in them a favorite theme. There he unveils the personal ambitions and spites, the business scheming, the factious intrigues for place and power, that never figure on the platform and are only hinted at by the party press. Probably, Liberalism offers a finer object for such maltreatment than Conservatism, not because the practices are worse but because the professions are better. Just now, in particular, the representatives of a politics that boasts its devotion to personal liberty and popular self-government can hardly help being held up to derision for their swift *volte face* on all the fundamentals of their creed. It is, therefore, perhaps a natural, even a pardonable, glee that greets in every home of autocracy the downfall of our great National Liberal Club, which for over thirty years has stood an emblem of defiance and offence, an impertinent sprig of Radicalism in the very centre of the Conservative respectability, the opulence, and the bureaucracy of the metropolis.

For throughout its career, from the time when it was called upon to fly the banner of Home Rule for the rally of a broken and discouraged Liberal Party, to these later days when another champion of liberty led fierce assaults upon the fortresses of privilege and property, the mind and temper of the Club remained steadily and definitely Radical. It was, indeed, always possible to dispute this judgment. Outward appearances were against it. The showy building with its marble stair-

cases, its expensive decorations, and its liveried servants, seemed in ill-keeping with the sentiments and the reality of democracy. Nor did the wide diversity of political opinion among its members appear to favor party solidarity and effective action in the field of politics. Yet no better testimony to its liberal spirit could be found than its persistent refusal to fetter by close definition the meaning of Liberalism. Even after a Socialist Party had been definitely formed, it was possible for not a few of its prominent adherents to remain members of the National Liberal Club, and we believe that their later secession was a purely voluntary action on their part. At any rate, it has been possible up to the present day to house under its roof in reasonable, though not excessive, harmony, all manner of Socialists and Individualists, Imperialists and Little-Englanders, Jingoists and Pacifists, and even in these later days to include opinions so repugnant to earlier Liberalism as Protection and Conscription. It may, indeed, be true that the excess of this liberal endeavor to reconcile incompatibles has in the end burst the bottle. But that belongs to the inner history upon which sits heavily the cloud of war.

One inevitable defect, however, in these later times became constantly more evident, and it was essentially an economic defect. No great Liberal club occupying buildings on a great, expensive, central site could be really democratic in its range of membership. The necessary fee for self-respecting membership would be prohibitive for the rank and file of working-class Liberals. Working-class political clubs must be local and low-feed. This class-cleavage matters less for a Conservative club, for patronage and dependence, the accepted badges of Conservatism, endorse such separation. But for a Liberal club it was a heavier detriment than was generally recognized. It has meant the divorce of the club mind from adequate direct contact with working-class opinion at a time which both for political opinion and organization has been momentous. This criticism goes into the very essence of political club life. The reason why clubs, as we know them, are a peculiarly English product is due to a certain mutual difficulty for Englishmen to get into easy personal relations and freely to communicate their thoughts and feelings to one another. In order to make this possible they must be herded together in some accustomed place and set to eat, drink, and smoke in this organized promiscuity. When they have lunched or dined they thaw, and the conversation—at first mere trickles—may soon pass into a number of fertilizing streams of information and discussion. Conviviality and recreation are necessary accompaniments of the process of communication by which more or less like-minded persons get together and form what we call the Club-mind.

By this we mean nothing very elevated or esoteric. Primarily, it consists in a pooling of pieces of information, largely personal, but with some political implication. It even has its mechanism. There is the member who, either from set journalistic purpose or, more commonly, from a blend of curiosity and self-importance, flits about from group to group carrying the latest "Have you heard?" The club-group itself is a not unimportant structure, formed often by a crystallization round some reputed wise man or attractive personality. So club gossip passes, information spreads, and opinion is consolidated.

This Club-mind, of course, sometimes has worked in more formal and impressive ways, by lectures, discussion circles, and conferences. But in later years at any rate these were of quite subordinate importance. No serious

attempt was made to discuss, much less to settle, the strong divergencies of opinion known to divide the party, or to bring into the foreground of discussion the fundamental issues of Imperialism, Socialism, and Militarism, which were astir in the new Radicalism. Probably this was due not to any deliberate desire to shirk troubles or choke discussion, but simply to a failure of a definitely middle-class Liberal Club to realize adequately the extent to which Liberal politics were shifting from its late Victorian moorings into the turbulent stream of working-class democracy. It has been this loss of touch with the new political realities that has made the more formal functions of the Club appear somewhat arid and artificial. It cannot, however, be said that this equally applies to the canvassing of opinions and discussions of the smoke-room, the real centre of club-life. In this atmosphere of spiritual expansion, the superstitions, the formal postures, the rhetorical pretences of Liberalism are apt to be shed. Even during the years before the war the Club-mind was becoming very uneasy about the future of Liberalism and the Party. The more conservative among them followed with mistrust the audacities of Mr. Lloyd George, and long-headed Radicals from the North shook their heads over the short-range opportunism which had usurped the place of Liberal principles. A quite appreciable minority were setting their minds firmly to a working alliance with Labor, even if that policy broke the Party. All these and other sentiments and opinions bubbled up somewhat chaotically in the Club-mind. The heat and tension of two years of war have not eased or lightened the situation. Resentment at the way in which their statesmen have laid down one Liberal principle after another on the altar as war-sacrifices, has even led some to profess approval of the seizure of the Club by the War Office as an appropriate doom. If the soul of Liberalism has perished, why keep its body?

But we cannot so easily acquiesce in this sharp severance of the future from the past. It may, indeed, be true that party Liberalism has done its work and ought to be succeeded by a more sympathetic, more creative organization of political progress. Not a few attempts have been made by progressive thinkers to compel a Liberal party, still too middle-class in its concepts and over-timid in its methods, to confront the larger democratic duties which should be its task. These attempts have only met with modest success. On the other hand, it cannot be held that the political instincts or interests of the working classes have yet succeeded in putting forth either a policy or a party, still less a leadership, which will win over to their keeping the intelligence of the more free-thinking Liberals. Perhaps the furnace of this war may be secretly welding a new political engine for political progress by a fusion of democratic forces. But to scrap the central machinery of Liberalism before there is any assurance of this better instrument is the action either of a singularly thoughtless man or of one to whom the Liberal Party and its institutions are mainly the ladder of an insatiate personal ambition.

#### OF OBEDIENCE.

THERE are many to whom obedience is not so much a virtue as virtue itself. To obey is their conception of goodness, nor would they take much stock of the Ten Commandments unless they were commanded. For them the orders of God or the King create morality, and if there were no law, there would be neither virtue nor sin. So long as they keep within the law, their righteousness suffices, and unless the Bible or Statutes constrain



them, they hold themselves free to behave at large. For why so many hedges if we may not wander where no hedge obstructs? Or what profit in those sign-posts if the sanctioned path remains dubious all the time?

To those who possess this comfortable assurance that even divine ordinances are not ordered because they are right, but are right because they are ordered, obedience affords an unquestioning satisfaction. So long as they follow orders, they know that all is well, for they cannot miss the reward of virtue, which is nothing but virtue itself. Indeed, to nearly everyone, obedience is pleasant, whatever they may think of laws and orders. To act at the word of command banishes care. It delivers from hesitation, the mind's most torturing curse. It sets the course straight, without fear of uncertainty. How happy looks the man who is acting under orders! How boldly he moves, and with what self-confidence faces the world! Whatever may be wrong with others, he has no doubt that he is in the right. There was truth in that picture-poster of a soldier grinning as merrily as any bishop, while the placard asked of the civilian: "He is happy; are you?" All who have served in the ranks or as subordinate officers know that contented peace. Under orders, the way is plain, however difficult. There is always pleasure in fulfilling an obvious and unquestionable duty—in doing "what is expected of you," even when no more is expected than to revolve correctly on heel and toe at the command "About turn," though it is a way of turning round that would never have occurred to you unless instructed. The centurion might be happy when he said to his servant, "Do this," and he did it; but very likely the servant was happier.

Nor is it only under military orders that obedience is so cheerful a thing, and its freedom from responsibility so welcome. From prehistoric times its enjoyment has been considered a special privilege, not only of soldiers, but of women. The poet, describing sentiments which we should be tempted to call Early Victorian if they were not earlier still, has represented Eve as saying to the first man (and so the only man of whom she had experience):—

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

We may doubt whether the poet had the right to make the first and solitary woman thus generalize for the countless millions of her feminine posterity; but, in any case, it is certain that he was here expressing the masculine envy of women, whose happiest knowledge is to know no more than the law of the man, and to obey it unargued—a relief from much learning and perplexity. All this establishes the value of obedience in augmenting happiness among those who practise it; and as to its value in society, anyone can speak to that who has experienced the horror of associating with an American child.

But just as we are settling down into an easy and comfortable commonplace, accepting obedience as the very basis of civic virtue and warlike efficiency, appalling visions rise before us and make us pause. In the name of obedience, we see men shooting Nurse Cavell, shooting Captain Fryatt, shooting Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. We see a naval officer flinging hundreds of women, children, and unarmed men upon the waves to drown. We see a large city, once prosperous, quiet, and busy. At the word of command, in the middle of the night, a notice is distributed to every house ordering each family to stand ready at the doors. Each member of the family, except the aged, the children, and mothers of children, must be packed up ready to depart in an hour and a-half. To

prevent escape, an enemy's soldier is stationed at every threshold with bayonet fixed. From house to house goes an officer with armed escort, selecting girls, women, youths, and grown men from each family group. In the darkness, all who have been selected are formed up into platoons along the middle of the streets. At the word of command, the soldiers make them lift their pitiful bundles, and march them off into empty factories. There, herded together, they are numbered and labelled, like cattle for a fair. In mixed lots, men and women together, they are sent off in trains under military guard to various parts of the country. There, under military guard, they are herded into compounds, and in the daytime, to the command of the enemy, they labor in gangs upon the fields of a country once their own. So in tropical plantations we have watched the black natives of the country laboring under gangers armed with rifles and the whip.

The men who enact these scenes are most likely no worse than other men. There was a time when they were human beings much like ourselves, capable of courtesy, sympathy, and compassion. It is not to be supposed that most of them enjoyed shooting Nurse Cavell, or Captain Fryatt, or Mr. Skeffington, or enjoyed sinking the "Lusitania" and the "Sussex," or tearing the girls and women of Lille from their homes. Take them out of uniform, remove them from the sphere of orders, and the majority would probably be found just ordinary, kind-hearted men with ordinary, kind-hearted feelings. Even the General in command at Lille had at the first occupation issued a notice proclaiming that war is not waged against civilians, and that the rights, property, and liberty of all citizens were guaranteed. Yet, under stress of superior orders, he broke his pledge, he disregarded his word of honor, he submitted the citizens to a brutality which the Bishop of Lille justly called the worst of tortures—an unlimited moral torture.

Such we find, to our astonishment, may be the hideous result of that virtue (or basis of all virtues) which seemed so pleasant, so comfortable, and secure. All these loathsome crimes were committed in the name of obedience. The crime was ordered, and whether they liked it or not, the men obeyed. They could plead that they had no choice; they were but agents of the higher command. Unless commands are absolutely obeyed, how can discipline be maintained in an Army or law-and-order in a State? That is the common plea, and one cannot make light of it. In war-time especially, the agents of such crimes can urge, "As one of your poets has said, 'Ours not to reason why.' All the more because if we stop to reason and refuse to obey we are shot." The plea is almost unanswerable. Certainly no one who had not faced death for justice can dare to condemn it. And yet in our hearts should we not feel a lurking admiration and something more for the soldier who should say, "Very well, then; shoot me if you like. I am not going to kill this woman or this man, no matter who orders it. I am not going to sink this ship, or expose these wretched people to unlimited moral torture, no matter what the orders are. I should rather die."

Such cases will always be rare; for, however appalling the crime enjoined, obedience is usually the safest and easiest way out, and most moralists would agree that a soldier under orders may shoot his mother. Yet even in these days it is sometimes seen that the militarism which we are fighting to destroy is not necessarily a thing to inculcate. Our second aspect of obedience suggests the doubt whether obedience may not on occasion prove as big a danger to mankind as man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree which brought all our woe into the world. We are, perhaps, here too closely approaching that undefined region

of conduct which made even Thomas Hobbes pause in his deification of the State as the mortal god:—

"The most frequent pretext of sedition and civil war," he wrote, "in Christian commonwealths, hath a long time proceeded from a difficulty, not yet sufficiently resolved, of obeying at once both God and man when their commandments are one contrary to the other."

Nor has it been only in Christian commonwealths that the difficulty was hard to be resolved. After all, our sympathy is with Vashti, who refused to make an exhibition of herself before the people, though commanded by a husband who reigned, from India to Ethiopia, over 127 provinces, and made a feast lasting 180 days for the display of his grandeur to princes, and a feast of seven days for the people (during which the drinking of the royal wine in abundance was according to law), and who also was expected to live for ever, as his people naturally prayed. So, too, our sympathy is with Socrates in refusing obedience to the Thirty; and with Antigone in refusing obedience to the State because she chose rather to obey "the unwritten and unchanging laws of God"; and with Hypermnestra, whom the poet calls "a girl renowned in all eternity" because she disobeyed the command to murder her husband; and with Maximilianus and Marcellus, who were executed for disobeying the Roman Military Service Act. None of these (except the two last) was Christian, but they illustrate the difficulty which Hobbes described as not yet sufficiently resolved. For when the clash came, they acted upon the laws of that Kingdom of God which is within—those "testimonies" or eternal laws of which Antigone spoke, and which are extolled in the longest Psalm by a moralist who also was not a Christian. Jurists may well recognize the extreme danger of such praise when the commandments of God and man thus clash and are contrary. Those who choose the dangerous course soon recognize its discomforts, unpopularity, and peril. But in looking back upon the almost imperceptible movement of mankind, it sometimes seems as though they alone led the way upward by a step or two.

## Short Studies.

### CARTOON.

... I CAN'T describe the street I turned into, then—it was like no street I have ever been in; so long, so narrow, so regular, yet somehow so unsubstantial; one had continually a feeling that, walking at the grey houses on either side, one would pass through them. I must have gone miles down it without meeting even the shadow of a human being; till, just as it was growing dusk, I saw a young man come silently out, as I suppose, from a door, though none was opened. I can describe neither his dress nor figure; like the street, he looked unsubstantial, and the expression on his shadowy face haunted me, it was so like that of a starving man before whom one has set a meal, then snatched it away. And now, in the deepening dusk, out of every house, young men like him were starting forth in the same mysterious manner, all with that hungry look on their almost invisible faces. Peering at one of them, I said:

"What is it—whom do you want?"

But he gave me no answer. It was too dark now to see any face; and I had only the feeling of passing between presences, as I went along without getting to any turning out of that endless street. Presently, in desperation, I doubled in my tracks.

A lamplighter must have been following me, for every lamp was lighted, giving a faint flickering greenish glare, as might lumps of phosphorescent matter hung out in the dark. The hungry, phantom-like young men had all vanished, and I was wondering where they could have

gone, when I saw—some distance ahead—a sort of greyish whirlpool stretching across the street, under one of those flickering, marsh-light looking lamps. A noise was coming from that swirl, which seemed to be raised above the ground—a ghostly swishing, as of feet among dry leaves, broken by the gruntings of some deep sense gratified. I went on till I could see that it was formed of human figures slowly whirling round the lamp. And suddenly I stood still in horror. Every other figure was a skeleton, and between danced a young girl in white—the whole swirling ring was formed alternately of skeletons and these grey-white girls. Creeping a little nearer still, I could tell that those skeletons were the young men I had seen starting out of the houses as I passed, having the same look of awful hunger on their faces. And the girls who danced between them had a wan, wistful beauty, turning their eyes to their partners whose bony hands grasped theirs, as though begging them to return to the flesh. Not one noticed me, so deeply were they all absorbed in their mystic revel. And then I saw what it was they were dancing round. Above their heads, below the greenish lamp, a dark thing was dangling. It swung and turned there, never still, like a joint of meat roasting before a fire—the clothed body of an elderly man. The greenish lamplight glinted on his grey hair, and on his features, every time the face came athwart the light. He swung slowly from right to left, and the dancers whirled from left to right, always meeting that revolving face, as though to enjoy the sight of it. What did it mean—these sad shapes rustling round the obscene thing suspended there! What strange and awful rite was I watching by the lamp's ghostly phosphorescence? More haunting even than those hungry skeletons and wan grey girls, more haunting and gruesome was the dead face up there with the impress still on it of bloated life; how it gripped and horrified me, with its pale, fishy eyes, and its neck thick-rolled with flabby flesh, turning and turning on its invisible spit to the sound of that weird swishing of dead leaves and those grunting sighs! Who could it be they had caught and swung up there, like some dead crow, to sway in the winds? This gibbeted figure, which yet had a look of cold and fattened power—what awful crime towards these skeleton youths and bereaved grey-wan maidens could it be expiating?

Then, with a shudder, I seemed to recognize that grisly thing—suddenly I knew: I was watching the execution of the Past! There it swung! Gibbeted by the Future, whom, through its manifold lusts, it had done to death! And seized with panic I ran forward through the fabric of my dream that swayed and rustled to left and right of me . . .

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 727.)

### BOOK II.

#### *Matching's Easy at War.*

"AND the firing line itself! Just the same sort of ditch with a parapet of sandbags, but with dug-outs, queer big holes helped out with sleepers from a near by railway track, opening into it from behind. Dug-outs vary a good deal. Many are rather like the cubby-house we made at the end of the orchard last summer; only the walls are thick enough to stand a high explosive shell. The best dug-out in our company's bit of front was quite a dresy affair with some woodwork and a door got from the ruins of a house twenty or thirty yards behind us. It had a stove in it, too, and a chimney, and pans to keep water in. It was the best dug-out for miles. This house had a well, and there was a special trench ran



back to that, and all day long there was a coming and going for water. There had once been a pump over the well, but a shell had smashed that. . . .

"And now you expect me to tell of Germans and the fight and shelling and all sorts of things. *I haven't seen a live German*; I haven't been within two hundred yards of a shell burst, there has been no attack, and I haven't got the V.C. I have made myself muddy beyond describing; I've been working all the time, but I've not fired a shot or fought a ha'porth. We were busy all the time—just at work, repairing the parapet, which had to be done gingerly because of snipers, bringing our food in from the rear in big carriers, getting water, pushing our trench out from an angle slantingways forward. Getting meals, clearing up, and so on, takes a lot of time. We make tea in big kettles in the big dug-out, which two whole companies use for their cooking, and carry them with a pole through the handles to our platoons. We wash up and wash and shave. Dinner preparation (and consumption) takes two or three hours. Tea, too, uses up time. It's like camping out and picnicking in the park. This first time (and next too) we have been mixed with some Sussex men who have been here longer and know the business. . . . It works out that we do most of the fatigue. Afterwards we shall go up alone to a pitch of our own. . . .

"But all the time you want to know about the Germans. They are a quarter of a mile away at this part, or nearly a quarter of a mile. When you snatch a peep at them it is like a low parti-colored stone wall—only the stones are sandbags. The Germans have them black and white, so that you cannot tell which are loopholes and which are black bags. Our people haven't been so clever—and the War Office love of uniformity has given us only white bags. No doubt it looks neater. But it makes our loopholes plain. For a time black sandbags were refused. The Germans sniped at us, but not very much. Only one of our lot was hit, by a chance shot that came through the sandbag at the top of the parapet. He just had a cut in the neck which didn't prevent his walking back. They shelled the trenches half a mile to the left of us though, and it looked pretty hot. The sandbags flew about. But the men lie low, and it looks worse than it is. The weather was fine and pleasant, as General French always says. And after three days and nights of cramped existence and petty chores, one in the foremost trench and two a little way back, and then two days in support, we came back—and here we are again waiting for our second Go.

"The night time is perhaps a little more nervy than the day. You get your head up and look about, and see the flat dim country with its ruined houses and its lumps of stuff that are dead bodies and its long vague lines of sandbags, and the search-lights going like white windmill arms and an occasional flare or star shell. And you have a nasty feeling of people creeping and creeping all night between the trenches. . . .

"Some of us went out to strengthen a place in the parapet that was only one sandbag thick, where a man had been hit during the day. We made it four bags thick right up to the top. All the while you were doing it, you dreaded to find yourself in the white glare of a searchlight, and you had a feeling that something would hit you suddenly from behind. I had to make up my mind not to look round, or I should have kept on looking round. . . . Also our chaps kept shooting over us, within a foot of one's head. Just to persuade the Germans that we were not out of the trench. . . .

"Nothing happened to us. We got back all right. It was silly to have left that parapet only one bag thick. There's the truth and all of my first time in the trenches.

"And the Germans?

"I tell you there was no actual fighting at all. I never saw the head of one.

"But now see what a good bruddykins I am. I have seen a fight, a real exciting fight, and I have kept it to the last to tell you about. . . . It was a fight in the air. And the British won. It began with a German machine appearing, very minute and high, sailing towards our lines a long way to the left. We could tell it was a German because of the black cross; they decorate

every aeroplane with a black Iron Cross on its wings and tail; that our officer could see with his glasses. (He let me look.) Suddenly, whack, whack, whack, came a line of little puffs of smoke behind it, and then one in front of it, which meant that our anti-aircraft guns were having a go at it. Then, as suddenly, Archibald stopped, and we could see the British machine buzzing across the path of the German. It was just like two birds circling in the air. Or wasps. They buzzed like wasps. There was a little crackling—like brushing your hair in frosty weather. They were shooting at each other. Then our lieutenant called out, 'Hit, by Jove!' and handed the glasses to Park and instantly wanted them back. He says he saw bits of the machine flying off.

"When he said that you could fancy you saw it, too, up there in the blue.

"Anyhow, the little machine cocked itself up on end. Rather slowly. . . . Then, down it came like dropping a knife. . . .

"It made you say 'O-o-o-o-o!' to see that dive. It came down, seemed to get a little bit under control, and then dived down again. You could hear the engine roar louder and louder as it came down. I never saw anything fall so fast. We saw it hit the ground among a lot of smashed-up buildings on the crest behind us. It went right over and flew to pieces, all to smithereens. . . .

"It hurt your nose to see it hit the ground. . . .

"Somehow—I was sort of overcome by the thought of the men in that dive. I was trying to imagine how they felt it, from the moment when they realized they were going.

"What on earth must it have seemed like at last?

"They fell seven thousand feet, the men say; some say nine thousand feet. A mile and a half!

"But all the chaps were cheering. . . . And there was our machine hanging in the sky. You wanted to reach up and pat it on the back. It went up higher and away towards the German lines, as though it was looking for another German. It seemed to go now quite slowly. It was an English machine, though for a time we weren't sure; our machines are done in tricolor just as though they were French. But everybody says it was English. It was one of our crack fighting machines, and from first to last it has put down seven Germans. . . . And that's really all the fighting there was. There has been fighting here; a month ago. There are perhaps a dozen dead Germans lying out still in front of the lines. Little twisted figures, like overthrown scarecrows, about a hundred yards away. But that is all.

"No, the trenches have disappointed me. They are a scene of tiresome domesticity. They aren't a patch on our quarters in the rear. There isn't the traffic. I've not found a single excuse for firing my rifle. I don't believe I shall ever fire my rifle at an enemy—ever. . . .

"You've seen Rendezvous's fresh promotion, I suppose? He's one of the men the young officers talk about. Everybody believes in him. Do you remember how Manning used to hide from him! . . ."

### § 13.

Mr. Britling read this through, and then his thoughts went back to Teddy's disappearance, and then returned to Hugh. The youngster was right in the front now, and one had to steel oneself to the possibilities of the case. Somehow, Mr. Britling had not expected to find Hugh so speedily in the firing line, though he would have been puzzled to find a reason why this should not have happened. But he found he had to begin the lesson of stoicism all over again.

He read the letter twice, and then he searched for some indication of its date. He suspected that letters were sometimes held back. . . .

Four days later this suspicion was confirmed by the arrival of another letter from Hugh, in which he told of his second spell in the trenches. This time things had been much more lively. They had been heavily shelled, and there had been a German attack. And this

time he was writing to his father, and wrote more freely. He had scribbled in pencil.

"Things are much livelier here than they were. Our guns are getting to work. They are firing in spells of an hour or so, three or four times a day, and just when they seem to be leaving off they begin again. The Germans suddenly got the range of our trenches the day before yesterday, and began to pound us with high explosive. . . . Well, it's trying. You never seem quite to know when the next bang is coming, and that keeps your nerves hung up; it seems to tighten your muscles and tire you. We've done nothing but lie low all day, and I feel as weary as if I had marched twenty miles. Then 'whop!' one's near you, and there is a flash and everything flies. It's a mad sort of smash-about. One came much too close to be pleasant; as near as the old oil jars are from the barn court door. It bowled me clean over and sent a lot of gravel over me. When I got up there was twenty yards of trench smashed into a mere hole, and men lying about, and some of them groaning and one three-quarters buried. We had to turn to and get them out as well as we could. . . .

"I felt stunned and insensitive; it was well to have something to do. . . .

"Our guns behind felt for the German guns. It was the damnest racket. Like giant lunatics smashing about amidst colossal pots and pans. They fired different sorts of shells: stink shells as well as Jack Johnsons, and though we didn't get much of that at our corner there was a sting of chlorine in the air all through the afternoon. Most of the stink shells fell short. We hadn't masks, but we rigged up a sort of protection with our handkerchiefs. And it didn't amount to very much. It was rather like the chemistry room after Heinrich and the kids had been mixing things. Most of the time I was busy helping with the men who had got hurt. Suddenly, there came a lull. Then someone said the Germans were coming, and I had a glimpse of them.

"You don't look at anything steadily while the guns are going. When a big gun goes off or a shell bursts anywhere near you, you seem neither to see nor hear for a moment. You keep on being intermittently stunned. One sees in a kind of flicker in between the impacts. . . .

"Well, there they were. This time I saw them. They were coming out and running a little way and dropping, and our shell was bursting among them and behind them. A lot of it was going too far. I watched what our men were doing, and poured out a lot of cartridges ready to my hand and began to blaze away. Half the German attack never came out of their trench. If they really intended business against us, which I doubt, they were half-hearted in carrying it out. They didn't show for five minutes, and they left two or three score men on the ground. Whenever we saw a man wriggle we were told to fire at him; it might be an unwounded man trying to crawl back. For a time our guns gave them beans. Then it was practically over; but about sunset their guns got back at us again, and the artillery fight went on until it was moonlight. The chaps in our third company caught it rather badly, and then our guns seemed to find something and get the upper hand.

"In the night some of our men went out to repair the wire entanglements, and one man crawled halfway to the enemy trenches to listen. But I had done my bit for the day, and I was supposed to sleep in the dug-out. I was far too excited to sleep. All my nerves were jumping about, and my mind was like a lot of fragments flying about very fast.

"They shelled us again next day, and our tea dixy was hit; so that we didn't get any tea. . . .

"I slept thirty hours after I got back here. And now I am slowly digesting these experiences. Most of our fellows are. My mind and nerves have been rather bumped and bruised by the shelling, but not so much as you might think. I feel as though I'd presently not think very much of it. Some of our men have got the stun of it a lot more than I have. It gets at the older men more. Everybody says that. The men of over

thirty five don't recover from a shelling for weeks. They go about—sort of hesitatingly. . . .

"Life is very primitive here—which doesn't mean that one is getting down to anything fundamental, but only going back to something immediate and simple. It's fetching and carrying and getting water and getting food and going up to the firing line and coming back. One goes on for weeks, and then one day one finds oneself crying out, 'What is all this for? When is it to end?' I seemed to have something ahead of me before this war began, education, science, work, discoveries; all sorts of things; but it is hard to feel that there is anything ahead of us here. . . .

"Somehow the last spell in the fire trench has shaken up my mind a lot. I was getting used to the war before, but now I've got back to my original amazement at the whole business. I find myself wondering what we are really up to, why the war began, why we were caught into this amazing routine. It looks, it feels orderly, methodical, purposeful. Our officers give us orders and get their orders, and the men back there get their orders. Everybody is getting orders. Back, I suppose, to Lord Kitchener. It goes on for weeks with the effect of being quite sane and intended and the right thing, and then—then, suddenly, it comes whacking into one's head, 'But this—this is utterly mad!' This going to and fro and to and fro and to and fro; this monotony which breaks ever and again into violence—violence that never gets anywhere—is exactly the life that a lunatic leads. Melancholia and mania. . . . It's just a collective obsession—by war. The world is really quite mad. I happen to be having just one gleam of sanity, that won't last after I have finished this letter. I suppose when an individual man goes mad and gets out of the window because he imagines the door is magically impossible, and dances about in the street without his trousers, jabbing at passers-by with a toasting-fork, he has just the same sombre sense of unavoidable necessity that we have, all of us, when we go off with our packs into the trenches. . . .

"It's only by an effort that I can recall how life felt in the spring of 1914. Do you remember Heinrich and his attempt to make a table chart of the roses, so that we could sit outside the barn and read the names of all the roses in the barn court? Like the mountain charts they have on tables in Switzerland. What an inconceivable thing that is now! For all I know I shot Heinrich the other night. For all I know he is one of the lumps that we counted after the attack went back.

"It's a queer thing, Daddy, but I have a sort of *sedition* feeling in writing things like this. One gets to feel that it is wrong to think. It's the effect of discipline. Of being part of a machine. Still, I doubt if I ought to think. If one really looks into things in this spirit, where is it going to take us? Ortheris—his real name by-the-by is Arthur Jewell—hasn't any of these troubles. 'The ——— Germans butted into Belgium,' he says. 'We've got to 'cof 'em out again. That's all abart it. Leastways, it's all I know. . . . I don't know nothing about Serbia, I don't know nothing about anything, except that the Germans have got to stop this sort of Gime for Everlasting, Amen.' . . .

"Sometimes I think he's righter than I am. Sometimes I think he is only madder."

#### § 14.

These letters weighed heavily upon Mr. Britling's mind. He perceived that this precociously wise, subtle youngster of his was now close up to the line of injury and death, going to and fro from it, in a perpetual, fluctuating danger. At any time now in the day or night the evil thing might wing its way to him. If Mr. Britling could have prayed, he would have prayed for Hugh. He began and never finished some ineffectual prayers.

He tried to persuade himself of a Roman stoicism; that he would be sternly proud, sternly satisfied, if this last sacrifice for his country was demanded from him. He perceived he was merely humbugging himself. . . .

This war had no longer the simple greatness that would make any such stern happiness possible. . . .



The disaster to Teddy and Mrs. Teddy hit him hard. He winced at the thought of Mrs. Teddy's white face; the unspoken accusation in her eyes. He felt he could never bring himself to say his one excuse to her: "I did not keep Hugh back. If I had done that, then you might have the right to blame."

If he had overcome every other difficulty in the way to an heroic pose, there was still Hugh's unconquerable lucidity of outlook. War *was* a madness.

But what else was to be done? What else could be done? We could not give in to Germany. If a lunatic struggles, sane men must struggle too.

But, indeed, was our cause all righteousness?

There surely is the worst doubt of all for a man whose son is facing death.

Were we indeed standing against tyranny for freedom?

There came drifting to Mr. Britling's ears a confusion of voices, voices that told of reaction, of the schemes of employers to best the trade unions, of greedy shippers and greedy house-landlords reaping their harvest, of waste and treason in the very households of the Ministry, of religious cant and intolerance at large, of self-advertisement written in letters of blood, of forestalling and jobbery, of irrational and exasperating oppressions in India and Egypt. . . . It came with a shock to him, too, that Hugh should see so little else than madness in the war, and have so pitiless a realisation of its essential futility. The boy forced his father to see—what indeed all along he had been seeing more and more clearly. The war, even by the standards of adventure and conquest, had long since become a monstrous absurdity. Some way there must be out of this bloody entanglement that was yielding victory to neither side, that was yielding nothing but waste and death beyond all precedent. The vast majority of people everywhere must be desiring peace, willing to buy peace at any reasonable price, and in all the world it seemed there was insufficient capacity to end the daily butchery and achieve the peace that was so universally desired, the peace that would be anything better than a breathing space for further warfare. . . . Every day came the papers with the balanced story of battles, losses, destructions, ships sunk, towns smashed. And never a decision, never a sign of decision.

#### § 15.

Mr. Britling sat, one September afternoon, with Captain Lawrence Carmine in the sunshine of the barn court, and smoked with him and sometimes talked and sometimes sat still.

"When it began I did not believe that this war could be like other wars," he said. "I did not dream it. I thought that we had grown wiser at last. It seemed to me like the dawn of a great clearing up. I thought the common sense of mankind would break out like a flame, an indignant flame, and consume all this obsolete foolery of empires and banners and militarism directly it made its attack upon human happiness. A score of things that I see now were preposterous, I thought must happen—naturally. I thought America would declare herself against the Belgian outrage; that she would not tolerate the smashing of the great sister republic—if only for the memory of Lafayette. Well—I gather America as chiefly concerned about our making cotton contraband. I thought the Balkan States were capable of a reasonable give and take; of a common care for their common freedom. I see now three German royalties trading in peasants, and no men in their lands to gainsay them. I saw this war, as so many Frenchmen have seen it, as something that might legitimately command a splendid enthusiasm of indignation. . . . It was all a dream, the dream of a prosperous, comfortable man, who had never come to the cutting edge of life. Everywhere cunning, everywhere small feuds and hatreds, distrusts, dishonesties, timidities, feebleness of purpose, dwarfish imaginations, swarm over the great and simple issues. . . . It is a war now like any other of the mobbing, many-aimed cataclysms that have shattered empires and devastated the world; it is a war without point, a war that has lost its soul, it has

become mere incoherent fighting and destruction, a demonstration in vast and tragic forms of the stupidity and ineffectiveness of our species. . . ."

He stopped, and there was a little interval of silence.

Captain Carmine tossed the fag end of his cigar very neatly into a tub of hydrangeas. "Three thousand years ago in China," he said, "there were men as sad as we are, for the same cause."

"Three thousand years ahead perhaps," said Mr. Britling, "there will still be men with the same sadness. . . . And yet—and yet . . . No. Just now I have no elasticity. It is not in my nature to despair, but things are pressing me down. I don't recover as I used to recover. I tell myself still that though the way is long and hard the spirit of hope, the spirit of creation, the generousities and gallantries in the heart of man, must end in victory. But I say that over as one repeats a worn-out prayer. The light is out of the sky for me. Sometimes I doubt if it will ever come back. Let younger men take heart and go on with the world. If I could die for the right thing now—instead of just having to live on in this world of ineffective struggle—I would be glad to die now, Carmine. . . ."

#### § 16.

It was not until Teddy had been missing for three weeks that Hugh wrote about him. The two Essex battalions on the Flanders front were apparently wide apart, and it was only from home that Hugh learnt what had happened.

"You can't imagine how things narrow down when one is close up against them. One does not know what is happening even within a few miles of us, until we get the newspapers. Then, with a little reading between the lines and some bold guessing, we fit our little bit of experience with a general shape. Of course, I've wondered at times about Teddy. But, oddly enough, I've never thought of him very much as being out here. It's queer, I know, but I haven't. I can't imagine why."

"I don't know about 'missing.' We've had nothing going on here that has led to any missing. All our men have been accounted for. But every few miles along the front conditions alter. His lot may have been closer up to the enemy, and there may have been a rush and a fight for a bit of trench either way. In some parts the German trenches are not thirty yards away, and there is mining, bomb-throwing, and perpetual creeping up, and give and take. Here we've been getting a bit forward. But I'll tell you about that presently. And, anyhow, I don't understand about 'missing.' There's very few prisoners taken now. But don't tell Letty that. I try to imagine old Teddy in it. . . ."

"Missing's a queer thing. It isn't tragic—or pitiful. Or partly reassuring like 'prisoner.' It just sends one speculating and speculating. I can't find anyone who knows where the 14th Essex are. Things move about here so mysteriously that for all I know we may find them in the next trench next time we go up. But there is a chance for Teddy. It's worth while bucking Letty all you can. And at the same time there's odds against him. There plainly and unfeelingly is how things stand in my mind. I think chiefly of Letty. I'm glad Cissy is with her, and I'm glad she's got the boy. Keep her busy. She was frightfully fond of him. I've seen all sorts of things between them, and I know that. . . . I'll try and write to her soon, and I'll find something hopeful to tell her."

"Meanwhile, I've got something to tell you. I've been through a fight, a big fight, and I haven't got a scratch. I've taken two prisoners with my lily hand. Men were shot close to me. I didn't mind that a bit. It was as exciting as one of those bitter fights we used to have round the hockey goal. I didn't mind anything till afterwards. Then, when I was in the trench in the evening, I trod on something slippery—pah! And after it was all over one of my chums got it—sort of unfairly. And I keep on thinking of those two things so much that all the early part is just dream-like. It's more like something I've read in a book, or

seen in the "Illustrated London News" than actually been through. One had been thinking so often, how will it feel? how shall I behave? that when it came it had an effect of being flat and ordinary.

"They say we hadn't got enough guns in the spring or enough ammunition. That's all right now—anyhow. They started in plastering the Germans overnight, and right on until it was just daylight. I never heard such a row, and their trenches—we could stand up and look at them without getting a single shot at us—were flying about like the crater of a volcano. We were not in our firing trench. We had gone back into some new trenches at the rear—I think to get out of the way of the counter fire. But this morning they weren't doing very much. For once our guns were on top. There was a feeling of anticipation—very like waiting for an examination paper to be given out; then we were at it. Getting out of a trench to attack gives you an odd feeling of being just hatched. Suddenly the world is big. I don't remember our gun fire stopping. And then you rush. 'Come on! Come on!' say the officers. Everybody gives a sort of howl and rushes. When you see men dropping, you rush the faster. The only thing that checks you at all is the wire twisted about everywhere. You don't want to trip over that. The frightening thing is the exposure. After being in the trenches so long you feel naked. You run like a scared child for the German trench ahead. I can't understand the iron nerve of a man who can expose his back by turning to run away. And there's a thirsty feeling with one's bayonet. But they didn't wait. They dropped rifles and ran. But we ran so fast after them that we caught one or two in the second trench. I got down into that, heard a voice behind me, and found my two prisoners lying artful in a dug-out. They held up their hands as I turned. If they hadn't I doubt if I should have done anything to them. I didn't feel like it. I felt friendly.

"Not all the Germans ran. Three or four stuck to their machine-guns until they got bayoneted. Both the trenches were frightfully smashed about, and in the first one there were little knots and groups of dead. We got to work at once shying the sandbags over from the old front of the trenches to the paradoss. Our guns had never stopped all the time; they were now plastering the third line trenches. And almost at once the German shells began dropping into us. Of course, they had the range to an inch. One didn't have any time to feel and think; one just set oneself with all one's energy to turn the trench over.

"I don't remember that I helped or cared for a wounded man all the time, or felt anything about the dead except to step over them and not on them. I was just possessed by the idea that we had to get the trench into a sheltering state before they tried to come back. And then stick there. I just wanted to win, and there was nothing else in my mind.

(To be continued.)

[Mr. Wells's novel will be published in book form by Messrs. Cassell on the 20th inst.]

## Letters to the Editor.

### VIEWS OF SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There can be no doubt that the war has in some ways had an effect of great value on the character of the British people; that we contemplate things more largely, that we have been roused to self-denying and fruitful action, that we have sympathies which before we had not. But as regards our purposes in the war, as regards the things which we desire to see accomplished and aim at accomplishing, there is a want of clearness among us.

Now, it is true that the proper persons to conclude treaties of peace are the Governments of the countries which are engaged in war; and it is much to be hoped that our own Government and the Governments of the nations allied to us are at this moment bringing their several purposes into comparison and endeavoring to frame out of them a common scheme which may be realized when peace is

attained. But the people at large, and not Governments alone, have interests in the results of the war, and there is no reason why the people should not, with proper moderation, express their views. To carry on the war with all possible vigor is not inconsistent with attempting to define our purposes.

The greatest war in history ought to have as its sequence an arrangement which shall be felt to be permanently just. We do not want the nations to be thrown into the melting-pot again. Our purposes can only be realized if we are victorious, of which there is, indeed, good hope; but victory itself may bring us dangers, which have to be carefully considered beforehand.

We are all—Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Belgians, Serbians, Roumanians—agreed in regarding the evacuation by our foes of the countries which they have invaded as a necessary condition of peace. As to other points, it is not certain that the Allied nations are agreed; but they may win agreement. What, for instance, is the precise determination of the French nation as to Alsace and Lorraine? The two possible solutions, if victory be ours, are either that these two provinces shall be recovered by France, or that they shall, separately or together, decide by a vote their own destinies. We cannot, under all the circumstances, refuse our support to France, whichever of these alternatives Frenchmen choose; but we may at least ask that the question shall receive consideration from them, and that the reasons for their answer may be recorded for the information of posterity.

I suppose we are all agreed that Poland ought to be united, and ought to be autonomous; and probably (again on the supposition of our victory) this will be impossible except under the suzerainty of Russia; and if we can be agreed as to this, I do not see that any harm would ensue from this being announced as one of the purposes of the Allies.

The very delicate question of Constantinople will have to be practically answered. If we are victorious, the Turkish Empire must be considered as a thing of the past; but there does not appear any obvious reason why Moslems should not retain under their own care Mecca and Medina, the two most sacred places of their religion, and the territory round those places down to the coast. This having been provided for, no jealousy on our part ought to prevent the possession by Russia of Constantinople and the territory surrounding that city; and Russia might claim Armenia; but the rest of Asiatic Turkey ought not to be in Russian hands.

I must not trespass on your space further at present. But if you think it desirable that the above suggestions shall, at any rate, be put forward, the other difficult questions, which will have to be decided when peace approaches, may be the subject of another letter.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. MOZLEY.

September 10th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is quite possible to agree with Mr. Ponsonby in repudiating the right of conquest, especially as inherent in the British Dominions, and yet to hold that Germany's colonies must pass out of her possession. They will do so as part of the war indemnity which will be imposed, conformably with precedent, by the Treaty of Peace.

That Germany is liable there can be no question. For more than a century it has been the practice for the victor to impose an indemnity on the defeated State as compensation for the trouble and expense to which its antagonists have been put by it in being compelled to go to war. Thus, in 1815, the Allies, after the fall of Napoleon, required France to engage to pay an indemnity of 700 million francs, and it was understood that this was intended to recoup them for the expenditure entailed by the violation of the first Treaty of Paris by the campaign which was decided by Waterloo. The Treaty of Prague, which closed the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, exacted from Austria 20,000,000 thalers, "to cover part of the expenses which Prussia has been put to by the war." In 1871 Germany went further, and imposed an indemnity on France which greatly exceeded the direct cost of the war to Germany, and was intended to make a future attack by France impossible. And under the Treaty of San Stefano (Art. XIX.) the indemnity imposed on Turkey was



stated to consist of charges for war expenditure, for damage done to the Russian coast, the Russian export trade, industries, railways, and the Caucasus, and to Russian subjects and establishments in Turkey. These charges amounted altogether to 1,410,000,000 roubles, but 1,100,000 roubles was taken in territory.

Now there can be no question that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, Germany initiated the war by violating the neutrality of Belgium; and, in accordance with the above precedents, Germany will be liable to make good the British war expenditure. France and Russia may base their claims, to some extent, on the same ground. Further, Germany has repeatedly violated the Hague Conventions and the recognized laws of civilized warfare; and German public men and the German press have frequently recognized the legitimacy of war indemnities by declaring that victorious Germany would impose them on her adversaries. But Germany, when defeated, will be unable to pay; and, were she able, the economic objections to payment in cash or its equivalent are well known. Nevertheless, she will have to pay, in some way or other, for the damage done in Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and Montenegro, and her liability to the Allies may be used as an additional means of enforcing that payment. But the Allies will be fully entitled by historical precedent to recoup themselves in part for their own expenditure by taking over, under the Treaty of Peace, the German colonies and Protectorates. These territories would, in any case, be in a state of tutelage; they are of no present value to Germany, and she will benefit pecuniarily by getting rid of them, since, with brief and casual exceptions, they have always been financed partly by grants in aid and loans from the German Government.

What the natives will think of the change may be inferred from the fact stated by Sir Hugh Clifford, the Governor of the Gold Coast, at the annual meeting of the Bank of British West Africa on June 23rd, 1915. On the British side of the boundary line between the Gold Coast Colony and Togoland, he told his audience, the tribes rose as one man to support the British Government; on the German side the tribes also rose as one man—to make common cause with Great Britain. Subsequently native troops from the Gold Coast Colony were sent to the Cameroons and to Togoland, and Ashanti was almost denuded of its garrison. It may be added that just before the war the Togoland cocoa plantations could not get labor; the natives preferred to seek work under the British flag.

But it may fairly be insisted that any territory ceded by Germany must be ceded to one or other of the Allied Governments, and that the British share must fall, in the first instance, to the Imperial Government, and not to any Dominion. What the Imperial Government may do with it afterwards is another matter.—Yours, &c.,

J. S. M.

September 11th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am grateful to you, as many others must be, for opening your columns to discussion as to the terms of settlement. But I venture to think that there is a preliminary question still more urgently needing discussion—that of the spirit in which the settlement should be approached.

The spirit of this nation, so far as it finds expression in the press, appears to be exclusively that of moral indignation. We hear of little but "punishing" Germany as a preliminary to anything else. This attitude, I believe, is the most unfortunate that could be adopted if we have any genuine desire to create a better Europe and a better world. For that will not be effected by the gratification of the desire for retribution, however legitimate that desire may be. It will be effected only by producing conditions which will satisfy, so far as is possible, the needs and allay the fears which led up to the war, and will devise more sensible ways than war for determining future disputes.

Now, the only effect, of a good kind, that "punishment" could have would be so to affect the spirit of the offender as to make him change his attitude and course of life. How seldom that is really the effect of punishment, even of individuals, by the law, is well known to those who have experience of the matter; and I venture to say, with some confidence, that "punishment" cannot possibly have that

effect on a nation. And for the plain reason, first, that the nation in question does not believe itself to be a criminal, but, on the contrary, believes that the criminals are those who undertake the punishment; secondly, that there is no unprejudiced court to try the case, but, on the contrary, the court is to be composed of the enemies of the criminal; thirdly, that it is intended by the self-constituted judges that the damages inflicted on the criminal shall go into their own pockets. These plain considerations, apart from many others that might be brought forward, should be enough to show that no good effect is likely to be produced upon the mind and spirit of Germany by measures conceived as punishment. But if that effect is not to be produced, what effect is aimed at? The satisfaction of abstract Justice? What! Is it really thought that that, even if we passionate, ignorant men could achieve that, or even honestly aim at it, it is to outweigh the good of the human race and the concrete interests of civilization!

It may, perhaps, be replied that, in the various plans that have been suggested for penalizing Germany, it is not retribution that is aimed at, nor yet a change of mind, but simply prevention. The idea of prevention is simple and intelligible, and ought to be completely separated from that of punishment. It is a political conception, such as mere men may appropriately apply to mere men. What, then, will prevent another war of this kind? This question is not the same as the question What will prevent Germany from starting such a war? For there are other nations than Germany quite capable of starting it, if the international anarchy is to continue. To all who think politically, it has been a relevant consideration from the beginning that if the Allies should unduly weaken Germany they would unduly strengthen another State. And, according to all those preconceptions of the "Balance of Power" in which those who advocate "punishment" seem still to be entangled, this would mean another war, with a different grouping of forces. The reader should remember that, in the Crimean War, our press was directing against Russia precisely the same arguments and abuse it is now directing against Germany, and was even attacking the United States for not coming in upon our side in the "war for freedom."

Let us suppose what some of your correspondents seem to look forward to, that it were possible to disarm Germany, the Allies remaining armed, and nothing else being done to cure the international anarchy. All that would have been done would be to remove temporarily one competitor from the contest for power, leaving the others to compete with one another. That this would lead to new groupings, and that it would be to the interest of one or other of the Powers to resuscitate the strength of Germany in order to have her as an ally, is a probability which I believe no student of history would dismiss from his calculation of chances. All this talk of punishment, and of prevention by "crushing" Germany, only distracts our minds from the real problem before us. If we are to do anything worth doing we have completely to remodel our ideas and prejudices in international politics, and to construct international machinery to embody the new policy. In other words, we have, all of us, and not only Germany, to abandon an isolated nationalism, openly or secretly aggressive, and to enter on the way of internationalism. And we ought to make clear to ourselves that there stands in the way of this not only German or Russian, but British imperialism. Mr. Ponsonby's letter in your last issue is strictly pertinent. Englishmen do want, subconsciously or consciously, to come out of this war, contrary to all their professions from the beginning, with access of territory and power to the British Empire. I do not deny that this is "natural." But it is the wrong road to travel on, if really we desire a better international future.

The curious letter signed "H. B." in your last issue illustrates very well that peculiarity of the English mind which foreigners call our hypocrisy. We have been denouncing, ever since the war began, the attempt of Germany to dominate Europe. We have professed to be fighting not only against her domination, but against all domination. Then comes along your correspondent, and says quietly and apparently in good faith (for he does not appear to be ironical), "Would it not be better frankly to admit that Great Britain intends to dominate

or supervise the world?" Your correspondent, of course, holds that British domination would be, and is so superior to that of any other Power, so just, benevolent, and righteous, that nobody could object to it. Let me beseech him to consult on this point the first Frenchman, Italian, Russian, or American he meets. Or merely to read any account by a foreigner of British history and policy. His contention would seem as ludicrous to the foreigner as seems to us the equally sincere contention of Germans that if only they were allowed to dominate the world, the reign of peace and of justice would be established on an unshakable foundation. It is just these sort of naive notions that are the greatest obstacle to any just and durable settlement. There is no way but the way of internationalism. And internationalism means equal treatment for all nations, including those with which we are at war. If any nation refuses the international way, whether it be Germany or any other, that is a good reason for treating such a nation as an enemy of civilization. And it is the only good reason.

Now the United States, through the mouth of the President, has pronounced for the international way, and has offered to come in and co-operate. Mr. Wilson's speech is perhaps the most important event of the war. It offers to us and our Allies the co-operation of the greatest latent force in the world to establish the principles for which we claim to be contending. But—and this is the other side of the matter—it offers no support to any policy aimed merely at aggrandizing this or that Power at the cost of its neighbors. This offer of President Wilson is, in fact, a test of the sincerity of the Allies. And nothing is more disconcerting to all who have believed in that sincerity than the way the offer has been ignored or misrepresented in the Allied press. Let us hope that the governments may be more honest and more reasonable than the press, and that it is not too late, even now, to divert the public opinion of the Allied nations from its preoccupation with punishment or national aggrandizement to that course of action which alone can save civilization from irretrievable ruin.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

### INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is the lot of the author to have to submit to criticism, and if no question but the merits of my book were involved in your second article on "Industrial Reconstruction," I would not venture to ask you to reopen the matter. But a great deal more than this is at stake.

I have endeavored, and I am gratified to find that my endeavors have met with widespread approval, to find a basis upon which industrial reconstruction might proceed. The ideal working arrangement of the future seems to me to involve three things. First, the complete organization of Labor; secondly, the complete organization of Capital; and, thirdly, the co-operation of these two forces in industrial councils working under a Minister of Commerce or some other form of Government control.

I plead for the strengthening and recognition of labor organizations, and I point out the necessity for the creation of similar organizations to represent capital and management; for without these it is obvious that the scheme cannot be complete.

My chief desire is to take advantage of the present determination of all parties to find a basis of agreement. A new spirit, admirably expressed by Mr. Harry Gosling on the one hand and the Lord Mayor of Birmingham on the other, is at work to-day, and if we take advantage of this spirit there is a real chance of finding a real settlement. If, on the other hand, those who, like me, are striving to this end, are to be held suspect by THE NATION for no other reason than that they contribute articles to the "Times," their work is not rendered any more easy.

May I suggest to you that if the object in view is general agreement, then even those obscurantists who still pin their faith to the columns of the "Times" are worth considering in the matter.

You have done me the honour to quote from an incomplete series of articles now appearing in the "Times" Trade Supplement, and among those quotations occurs this phrase:—

"When Mr. Benn proceeds to 'outline a national trade organization with a Minister of Commerce at its head, and each trade represented by its association,' can we wonder if the workers begin to ask where they come in?"

Again, on several occasions you infer that I suggest a partnership between State and Capital, and you go so far as to say:—

"There is no suggestion of a partnership for Labor except in a very junior sense, and there is more than a suggestion that one of the first objects of the Associations is to secure to employers a free hand in new methods of industrial control."

I submit that this is not a fair criticism of my suggestions, which may be very briefly summarized as follows:—

1. The appointment of a Minister of Commerce charged with the duty of caring for the production and sale of British goods.
2. The appointment of an official association in each trade.
3. The official recognition of a trade union in each trade.
4. The setting up of a joint council composed of an equal number of representatives from the association and the union, to be presided over by a representative of the Minister of Commerce, and to be responsible to the Government for the well-being of the trade.

In this way it seems to me that something would have been done to settle the vexed question of the status of labor. Labor equally with capital could set to work to solve the problems of export, scientific research, tariffs, education, hours and wages—questions which are vital to the life of each trade, and in which all parties, including the State, are equally interested.

In a word, I suggest the introduction of the representative principle into our industries; a suggestion which, if I rightly understand the aims and aspirations of THE NATION, ought to meet with your approval.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST J. P. BENN.

31, Christopher Street, London, E.C.

September 12th, 1916.

[Mr. Benn, we think, has missed the point of our criticism. He suggests the appointment of an official association in each trade, and the official recognition of a trade union in each trade. Thus, existing independent labor machinery is to be recognised; but official employers' machinery is to be created. This seems to us to imply a far closer relationship between the employers' official associations and the State than between the workmen's independent associations and the State, and we are fearful that this form of the extension of State control, with whatever intentions it set out, would in practice lead to a partnership between the State and the employers to Labor's detriment. We are at issue, not with Mr. Benn's ideal, as stated in the concluding paragraphs of his letter, but with the machinery which he proposes in order to give effect to it. Our view has, of course, nothing to do with the fact that Mr. Benn writes for the "Times"; indeed, our view was formed before we knew that he did so by the reading of his book.—ED., THE NATION.]

### NERVE-SHAKEN SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to a letter on "Nerve-shaken Soldiers" in the issue of September 9th, in which it is suggested that the Statutory Committee seeks to segregate and confine in institutions the victims of shell-shock rather than to help them back to normal and healthy life among their fellows, you would oblige me by giving publicity to the statement that this is not a fact.

The question of caring for such cases is engaging the constant attention of the Disablements Sub-Committee. In the circular that was issued on July 27th the following paragraph appears:—

"There are various classes of mental cases, and they require very different treatment. Careful medical analysis has shown that in quite a considerable number of cases the best thing for the man is to be returned to his old surroundings and former life, and employed as much as possible. The worst thing for a patient of this class is to be placed in an institution and allowed to brood over his own ailments. The efforts of the local Committee should be directed to finding employment for such cases, to giving



them every encouragement and assistance, and to keeping always before them that they are curable, and that in a short time they will be normal citizens."

—Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

September 13th, 1916

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been a constant reader of your journal for nearly ten years, and I have for nearly thirty years been engaged in the treatment of mentally-affected persons in and out of asylums. For these reasons I ask you to be good enough to register my strong protest against some of the observations made on "the methods of those doctors and officials who are accustomed to deal with lunatics" in a letter on the above subject in your last number, signed "Fiat Justitia"—a most unhappy selection of a nom-de-plume.

Owing to the desire of the relatives of insane patients, and of those patients themselves who may recover, that the fact of their detention in an asylum should not become public property, the skill and patience, the devotion to duty, and the kindness to their patients of the staffs of our asylums, often exercised under very trying conditions, are almost unknown to the public, and they do not receive the credit that is due to them for their services. No one can speak on this subject with a fuller and a more varied experience than I have had, and I feel I cannot say too much. It is acknowledged by specialists in this department in every civilized country in the world that the consideration and care given to the insane, including the very poorest amongst them, in our own country are unequalled. Physicians from foreign lands make pilgrimages every year to study these methods, and only a few years ago Lord Rosebery thought it time to utter a public warning that too much was being done for the insane, that they were being too luxuriously treated and too well cared for.

I do not know how your correspondent may have acquired his or her information, whether as a doctor, a nurse, or a patient in an asylum. Taking, however, a broad survey of the work done in our asylums on behalf of the patients, from ample opportunities for personal observation, I can say that the statements made in the letter referred to are quite untrue and very unjust.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE M. ROBERTSON, M.D., F.R.C.P. Edin.  
Morningside Place, Edinburgh.  
September 12th, 1916.

#### PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS AND WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in his letter in your last issue, refers to the Early Christians as men who were "forbidden by conscience to take any part in war." But surely this statement is ill-considered. There is no evidence that St. Paul regarded the soldiers' profession as inconsistent with Christianity; and it is certain that a number of Christians did, as a matter of fact, serve in the Roman army during the first two centuries. When at length the question of the permissibility of military service came to be discussed the ground of objection taken was "not the modern idea at all." (Prof. Bethune Baker, "The Influence of Christianity on War," page 25). There is an anachronism in regarding the "offences against God," which Tertullian and others held to be "inseparable from the soldier's life," as similar to the humanitarian feeling of the present day with regard to bloodshed. "The only offences against Christian sentiment that seem really to weigh with Tertullian are the military oath, over which the heathen gods presided, and the pagan ceremonial with which so many military acts and operations were invested." It is a pity that Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in advocating the claim of every man to do that which is right in his own eyes, should incidentally give his authority in support of a popular misconception with regard to early Christians.—Yours, &c.,

W. CUNNINGHAM.

Trinity College, Cambridge.  
September 11th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lowes Dickinson is doing a patriotic, because moral, service to the Empire by calling attention to the

shameful treatment of some Conscientious Objectors, but may I beg him and others not to bring themselves under suspicion of being unreliable witnesses by perpetuating the popular inaccuracy that primitive Christians as a whole objected to taking part in war?

If he had said that some primitive Christians so objected he would have been right, but when he says roundly that conscience "forbade the primitive Christians" (without qualification) he is demonstrably wrong. I may refer him to Westcott's "Two Empires," and suggest that he should read two addresses in "International Relationships in the Light of Christianity," in which the evidence is canvassed from opposing points of view by Principal Graham (of the Society of Friends) and by myself.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. LLOYD THOMAS

(Editor of "The Free Catholic").

Birmingham. September 12th, 1916.

#### MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, absent on military service, I shall be grateful if you will allow me to record my deep regret for the Council's recent action in depriving Mr. Bertrand Russell of his lectureship.

No one who knows Mr. Russell can question his courage or sincerity, or doubt his sworn statement (not challenged at his trial) that in writing the pamphlet for which he was fined, he did not intend to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of His Majesty's forces.

The Court found that Mr. Russell's action was illegal; but the Council of Trinity College were free to judge whether or not it was dishonorable. Their refusal to draw such a distinction seems to me an inexpressible disaster to tolerance and liberty.—Yours, &c.,

D. S. ROBERTSON (Temp. Capt., A.S.C.)  
British Expeditionary Force. August 21st, 1916.

#### INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE CONSCIENCES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letters of Messrs. Lowes Dickinson, Cannan, and others, are convincing when one thinks only of the individual.

I commend to them, however, this extract from Mazzini:—

"In order, therefore, to know the law of God you must interrogate not only your own conscience but also the conscience and consent of humanity. In order to know your own duties you must interrogate the present wants of humanity!"

The "spiritual impulse" that we all hope will come from our young men is, to judge from actual experience, far more likely to come from those who are fighting "with their bodies" than from those who, while ceaselessly claiming rights, demand that they themselves shall be sole judges of their duties.

Mr. Cannan is not the only man concerned "for the spiritual life of the country." Most of the men who are so concerned are doing the work they are called upon by the State to do, without question and without complaint.

The facts of the case are that some people forget that their heirs are dependent upon the work of many other people.

It is quite within the realm of possibility that Mr. Cannan's turnips would at this juncture be worth more to the country than his ideas. It is almost certain that his ideas would be more valuable after his bodily contact with turnips.—Yours, &c.,

FRED. H. GOOLE.

Kelmscott, Watford. September 12th, 1916.

#### THE "NEW PROTECTIONISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I note at the conclusion of your excellent review of Mr. J. A. Hobson's "New Protectionism" you say that the book is issued at half-a-crown, but an even cheaper edition ought to be issued before long. I may say that the Cobden

Club has already done this, as with the consent of Mr. Hobson himself and of Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, they have been authorized to circulate a paper edition at 6d. We hope there will be a large sale for this edition, as Mr. Hobson's criticism of the "New Protectionism" should be in the hands of every student of politics. I am sending you a copy of the Cobden Club edition.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. SHAW

(Secretary Cobden Club).

Broadway Court, Westminster, London, S.W.

September 5th, 1916.

### THE DOUBLE OFFENCE OF HYPOCRISY AND COWARDICE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I take up a little of your valuable space to emphasize briefly the unsatisfactoriness of the present position of the Conscientious Objector problem? Those men who feel themselves unable to take up work under the Home Office scheme are even now awaiting their fate in prisons and guardrooms all over the country. For what particular offence are they to be punished? Is it a crime in these men that they refuse to escape from soldiering by accepting what to Mr. Scott Duckers at least seemed "industrial conscription of a peculiarly objectionable kind"? It cannot be that these are the persons who "are guilty of the double offence of cowardice and hypocrisy" in the eyes of the Prime Minister. Of their sincerity and courage there can be no doubt. Mr. Scott Duckers has preferred "the rigors of the Army Act" to the comparative relaxation and complete safety of road-making. To take another example: Two undergraduates of Oxford University are now awaiting punishment for the same offence at Weymouth. These young men were sent by the tribunals to the N.C.C.—a corps which is never sent to the firing line in accordance with most definite pledges by Ministers. However, they refused to be driven into the Army even on these "favored terms." Not only did they bring upon their heads the tender mercies of Wandsworth Detention Barracks, but also one of them at least sacrificed the exhibition he had held at Queen's College, which would have been held over for him till the end of the war had he taken service under the Crown of any sort; this in all probability means for him the final loss of his prospects of a university career. It was certainly not the desire "to save their skins" that prompted these men to refuse the N.C.C., and once again, after three months' imprisonment, the Home Office Scheme; for either alternative was free from danger or excessive hardship.

However misguided such people may be, they are firmly convinced that war and conscription are utterly evil and destructive to the community, and that the greatest disservice they could do it would be to compromise or bargain with the evil thing. The utterances of Mr. Forster in this connection seem to foreshadow a return to the barbarity of Field Punishment No. 1 and death penalties. One is loath, however, to believe that this is seriously intended. The military must be heartily sick of the whole business, and will be far more likely to hand over the "stalwarts" to the civil authorities for long terms of imprisonment. But surely it is wasteful and extravagant to crowd our prisons with persons of this calibre? There are no longer any persons left who need a deterrent against the growth of bogus consciences. On the other hand, prisoners cost the State from £30 to £40 per head. At a time when it is necessary to close the British Museum to effect a saving of £19,000, economy would suggest that it was undesirable to keep at the expense of the State several hundred people who are really anxious to serve the community provided they can do so freely. Besides, persecution has a way of making even a wrong cause seem right. So far, the only effect of punishment has been to absolve the pacifist from the accusation of cowardice. With its appeal to the merely physical, it has no terrors to counterbalance an ideal motive, however mistaken. Would it not be more reasonable to assume that the same conscientiousness which has made the objector face the horrors of a detention barracks would also lead him to take up work for the service of man were he freely returned to civil life?—Yours, &c.,

V. GORDON CHILDE.

Queen's College, Oxford. September 4th.

### Poetry.

#### TWO POEMS.

##### I.—SPIRITUS DEI.

Sail answers sail through walls of water and darkness;  
The Arab lays his ear to the red sand of the desert, and listens;  
The moon says to the neap and the spring, "Thus far."

The sap in the pine-root stirs to the crook of an invisible finger;  
The man finds the woman, though colors and tongues are between them;  
The lightning its mark from blind abysses of sky.

Through all things—the heart's beat, the ichor of wounds,  
The dug fossil, the cry of the lamb to the ewe—  
Moves the first cause, the ancient spirit of God.

##### II.—THE STRANGER.

Whence comes the stranger  
That with hoarse, lifted throat  
Threatens the fields?

Night's darkness,  
And the darkness of mystery,  
Cover him, as in a tent of two hides.

At twilight  
I looked through the windows of my body,  
And, lo! the sheaves scattered  
And the rooted trees upturned.

His feet are flails of iron:  
What he has threshed  
Only the birds of the air will gather.  
Bedstraw and branch  
Will lie, and rot, and dig unseen graves.

The wind blows where it wills  
(The Gift of Heaven wrote it in Patmos).  
I hear the sound thereof,  
But cannot tell whence it comes  
Or whither it will go.

War rides, without thought,  
On a pale horse  
Through quiet places.  
His banners are smoking torches,  
His trumpets blow horribly.

He reaps a red harvest,  
But not with the crooks of sickles.  
The swathes fall slowly,  
And the wings of vultures shadow them.

Love is a lamb, for weakness;  
Kin a dove, for sorrow;  
Peace the silence of a song.

He thunders,  
And the suckling's cry is not heard:  
He casts his lightning,  
And flame breaks from the roofbeam:  
He shakes the earth,  
And the stones of the altar are dust.

At dawn  
I looked through the windows of my spirit,  
And, lo! a sower had passed,  
Sowing.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,  
Neither are your ways my ways,  
Saith the Lord.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Memories of the Fatherland." By Anne Topham. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Through the Serbian Campaign." By Gordon Gordon-Smith. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Old Pottery and Porcelain." By Fred. W. Burgess. (Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Old Glass and How to Collect it." By J. Sidney Lewis. (Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)  
 "Tree Wounds and Diseases." By A. W. Webster. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Jenkins. 5s. net.)  
 "New Belgian Poems." By Emile Cammaerts. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Wrack of the Storm." By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen. 5s. net.)  
 "The Lion's Share." By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell. 6s.)  
 "Freedom: A Play." By Alfred Sutro. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

\* \* \*

A CURIOUS mistake of "C. K. S." in the "Sphere" last week gives me a handle for a subject which is an obsession of rage and indignation with me. I refer to his discussion of Mr. George Moore's novel, in the course of which he dates the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible at 1610. A trivial error, says the reader, and one hardly likely to open the sluices of wrath even in a journalist given to bibliography. But surely our literary monitors should have at their fingers' ends the knowledge of when the greatest literary masterpieces in Europe since the Middle Ages were published. Still, I am not concerned with what some people might call a pedantic accuracy in externals. What moves me is not so much "C. K. S.'s" factual slip as its symbolic meaning. "C. K. S.," I am sure, knows the Authorized Version as it ought to be known. But is not his error a symptom of the nation's growing disregard for a translation which has informed its life, its speech, its character and manners for two hundred and fifty years—an inn on the broad highway of literary destruction?

\* \* \*

OF course, the Authorized Version is a fairly common subject in articles and lectures. Writers pay it its devoir, just as handbooks pay Shakespeare his. But before I become really torrential in my anger, let me underline a few points about it. Granted that the versions published before 1611 provided the translators with a stock of idiomatic phrase, literary feeling, and well-directed industry of which they made every use; granted that the conditions and environment in which they labored were of unique advantage; granted that the English language at the beginning of the seventeenth century was at its maturest development, highly cultivated, and yet free, on the one hand, of the *cliché* of eld and over-practice, and, on the other, of the necessary, but wasteful and clumsy, experiments of an archaic past; granted the spontaneous enthusiasm of the classics; granted the value of rhythmic divisions in the text, which imposed a healthy restraint upon the vicious fashion of Elizabethan prose to cumber a sentence with shapeless, graceless, convoluted paragraphs, and to punctuate its many windings with a dust-storm of commas.

\* \* \*

FOR all that, the miracle (there is no other word for it) of the Authorized Version—a prose work unique in any language and in any epoch—was accomplished by a company, a committee of learned divines, unofficered by a personality of literary genius, and none of whose other work approached within continents of it in literary quality. The Elizabethans were notable collaborators, and half-a-dozen of them could turn out a creditable play. But forty-seven scholars—of whom only a few, such as Savile, Andrews, Downes, Savaria, Kilbye, Rainalds, Bedwell, and Overall are known to fame at all—who are they to issue a masterpiece which "lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten";

whose "felicities seem to be almost things instead of words"; which "is a part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness"? "The memory of the dead passes into it; the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses; the power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words."

\* \* \*

Now (here I let myself go), if this were not an oddity enough—we have, mark you, another company, another committee, in method and constitution not unlike the conquering forty-seven. I refer to the egregious authors of the Revised Version (published, I fancy, in 1884), the theological pirates, who commandeered the Authorized Version; "emended" it with their hackers and choppers; crushed its lordly shape into a pettyfoggish, beggarly octavo (Lamb exclaimed against Burton being read except in folio—oh, that he had taken up the cudgels for the Bible!); were indirectly responsible for its being robed so frequently in a pen-wiper cover, and ordained it, or meant to have ordained it, to be read in churches and to be the affidavit of oaths. Mr. Saintsbury (style or no style, a virile, genuine critter) points out that these children of Attila made "the pedantic substitution of 'mirror' for 'glass'" ("through a *mirror* darkly"—think of it!) in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, "it having apparently occurred to some wiseacre that glass was not known to the ancients, or at least used for mirrors. Had this wiseacre had the slightest knowledge of English literature, a single title of Gascoigne's 'The Steel Glass,' would have dispensed him, at once from any attempt at emendation: but this is ever and always the way of the sciolist."

\* \* \*

To prove that I am not merely shaking my fist at the air, I will take the First Epistle to the Corinthians, pick out the famous and exquisite thirteenth chapter, and quote some of the "improvements" of the Revised Version. "Mirror" is not the only instance of its futile, academic mutilations—such, indeed, as one despairfully expects, after reading the pompous self-sufficiency of the Preface, wherein the "archaisms" of King James's Bible are, with Laputan head-shakings and beard-strokings, solemnly animadverted upon. Here are a few of the modernisms in a chapter of thirteen verses.

\* \* \*

A.V.: "A tinkling cymbal"; R.V.: "A clanging cymbal." A.V.: "So that I could remove mountains"; R.V.: "So as to remove mountains." A.V.: "Seeketh not her owne, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil"; R.V.: "Seeketh not its own (poor dehumanized charity!) is not provoked, taketh not account of evil." A.V.: "Rejoiceth not in iniquitie, but rejoiceth in the truth"; R.V.: "Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth." A.V.: "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away"; R.V.: "Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away." A.V.: "But when I became a man I put away childish things"; R.V.: "Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things." A.V.: "But then shall I know, even as also I am known"; R.V.: "But then shall I know even as also I have been known" (one would have thought it an elementary knowledge in a translator, that the English language is not susceptible to these particularities of tenses). These are the most prominent. I have taken no account of the exasperating changes of "though" to "if," "and" to "but," and *vice versa*.

\* \* \*

It is, perhaps, too much to expect of a committee, even though it sat upon the top of Mount Helicon, that its chairman's ruler should be Apollo's laurel bough. But the Authorized Version was the work of a committee, and the Revised is the worst in literary taste and feeling that has ever appeared in England—painfully inferior to the Bibles of Wiclif, Tyndale, Matthew, and Coverdale, to the Great, Bishop's and Genevan ("Breeches") versions. Nor can I think that it can be dismissed as the mere fiddling of incompetent scholiasts. It is a kind of tumor that has gathered out of a diseased body—a disease which has corrupted English thought and utterance, and by which the Authorized Version no longer permeates our blood, inspires our speech, ripens our feeling, and indurates our mind.

## Reviews.

## SEA-POWER AND WORLD-POWER.

"Deutschlands Auswärtige Politik (1888-1914)." VON GRAF ERNST ZU REVENTLOW. Dritte Auflage, Berlin, 1916. (Ernst Sigfried Mittler und Sohn.)

THE contemporary historian is necessarily a partisan. He may use his literary art to disguise his sympathies and his prejudices, but the franker he is, the more valuable will his contribution be. Few Englishmen will approach a "History of German Foreign Policy" during the Kaiser's reign, by Count Reventlow, with the expectation of finding in it trustworthy guidance through the diplomatic records of the last quarter of a century. Our own feeling as we first turned the pages of the heavy volume was that it might not be worth the labor of reading. Further acquaintance taught us that it repays not merely reading but careful study. It is not a brilliant book. Count Reventlow's arid mind expresses itself in a clear and even style. There is no eloquence; there are no purple patches, no anecdotes, no character sketches. The author gives us the impression that if he had not taken to politics he might have made a name for himself as a student of physics. He sees the world as a complexity of forces, and where another historian might discern a conflict of ideals or a shock between personalities, there is for him only the abstract, inevitable pressure of contrary stresses and strains. Europe for him is simply a parallelogram of forces, and though he has to give them national names, he measures them and traces them with something like the inhuman, non-moral coldness of a mathematician for whom they are only *a* and *b* and *x* and *y*. This attitude towards force ("power," as the skilful literary militarist prefers to call it) is, perhaps, the last which we, with our insular tradition, manage to assimilate. We tend to see history as a play of morals and ideas. It is salutary to steep ourselves for once in this continental atmosphere. It is the thing we want to banish from the world: we must first understand it.

In the second place, Count Reventlow's book is valuable because he has written a history of Germany's foreign policy under the guidance of one sharp and overmastering perception. Whatever else he may be, he is not an empiric, and he has a clue, which satisfies him, to the reading of contemporary history. We do not take him to be in any high sense of the word a learned or scholarly man, but he has steeped himself in Treitschke, and he has a considerable knowledge of the history of the British Empire. It is all summed up for him in the thesis that from time to time, in defence of our commercial and naval supremacy, we have, with the aid of a Continental coalition, destroyed the rival who threatened our monopoly of the seas. Spain, Holland, and France were the victims of earlier centuries, and the only question which Count Reventlow considers vital in our own time is whether, in the inevitable struggle with us, Germany should be hammer or anvil. Here, for example, is his summing up of King Edward. After insisting that he had a strong personal dislike of the Kaiser, and doing him the justice to observe that he preferred to gain his ends not by bloody war but by the methods of the armed peace, he proceeds (p. 395):—

"The growing power and bulk of the German people and Empire, which sprung automatically from their economic prosperity, with all its consequences, and from the great increase of the population, filled Edward VII. with the conviction: Here Great Britain has before her once again a great Continental enemy, which must be crushed, or at least rendered harmless, as in the cases of Spain, Holland, and France, and as usual with the aid of all the other Continental States in British service. And in this view King Edward found almost undivided and understanding approval in the British people."

That is the assumption, the ground-work of the book, and Count Reventlow's business is to make his reading of history from this starting-point entirely plausible. He has some helpers on our side of the North Sea, far too few to make a case. The notorious "Delenda Germania" article of the "Saturday Review," in which it asked why we hesitate to make war on Germany when the stake is millions per annum in trade, is a greater help to those who know not the "Saturday" of those days than to those who did. There have, indeed, been articles in more responsible papers which are

nearly as useful to the disciple of Treitschke. With the aid of these confessions, it is possible, up to the epoch of Lord Haldane's mission, to distort the ambiguous history of the Triple Entente into the likeness of this aggressive intention. The confidential Belgian despatches, which, on the whole, take the same view, are naturally used in the third edition to reinforce the general idea.

All this is the familiar stuff of controversy. What is abler and honester, and really better done in this book is the statement of the problem of Sea-Power from the German standpoint. Here Count Reventlow, as a naval expert, is on his own ground, and he speaks not for himself alone, but for the whole Tirpitz school, of which he is the most distinguished literary exponent. We in England absorbed Captain Mahan's books on sea-power easily and happily. He told us, indeed, what we and our forefathers had known instinctively—the all-importance of sea-power in relation to an overseas Empire. His books were read even more earnestly in Germany, and the doctrine which he laid down had quite another aspect when it was regarded through the spectacles of a nation with growing ambitions and a third-rate navy. The Germans have a way of using big words which court misunderstanding. When they aspire to be a "Weltmacht," or to pursue "Weltpolitik," the meaning is not necessarily that they aim at dominating the world in the Napoleonic sense; it is that in their view, their trade and their emigration compel them to take a more than European view of their problems, to acquire a footing in other continents, and to place themselves beside us as a Power which moves and acts in distant seas. In at least their formal, though not, we suspect, in their popular, sense they mean what we, in our more prosaic way, mean by the phrase a Colonial Power. As the German expansionists saw the question in the last years of last century a sharp choice presented itself. They might by our favor and with our good-will become a Colonial Power with our consent, the consequence being, of course, that their tenure of their colonies must depend on our continued good-will. They might, on the other hand, elect to go their way, to remain absolutely independent, and to grow (perhaps more slowly) by their own strength. In the former event they would not trouble to build a navy; they would continue the arrangement by which Great Britain was a detached partner of the Triple Alliance, who "completed" its land supremacy by her naval preponderance. That was Caprivi's idea, as at one time it was Bismarck's. In the latter event they must build a great navy of their own, which, though second to ours, might still inspire us with respect. It is easier to understand this dilemma to-day with the actual phenomena of the great war before us. Our sea-power has meant, in fact, the ability to overrun all Germany's colonies, and this achievement would have been actually easier if we had stood alone without continental commitments. The first step towards any understanding of our peculiar relationship to continental politics is to grasp the fact that any continental politician, the naval or colonial expert reminded himself every day in all his schemes and dreams that he held his overseas possessions by the tenure of our goodwill.

The English reader will naturally object that both our character and our Free Trade policy largely modify the theoretical menace of this physical fact. The use of Count Reventlow's book is that it shows us the various steps and stages by which German policy and German public opinion was led to make its choice—to build the navy and to reject the alliance which was so nearly reached during the critical years between 1898 and 1903. Our answer by the "Flying Squadron" to the Kruger telegram is counted as one influential episode, our seizure of the German ship "Bundesrath" in the Boer War as another. Generally Count Reventlow insists that the lesson that German policy was totally unable to affect the course of that war, which German opinion regarded as a predatory adventure, sank deeply in. It left the impression that Germany was "attempting world-policy with insufficient means," and the consequence was the big Navy Act. The impression was deepened in the early stages of the Moroccan crisis, when, after M. Delcassé's revelation of the plan of a British naval landing in Schleswig, we sent the fleet to the Danish coast for manœuvres, which included landing exercises. If we wish to understand the psychology of German naval ambitions, here are some partial elements for its study. The



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broad fact is that it was we who desired an Anglo-German alliance and they who rejected it.

The chief interest of the new edition of Count Reventlow's book lies in his handling of the episode of Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin. He is a valuable witness on this and many other phases of German policy, because he stands in sharp opposition to the Chancellor's school of thought. His book, indeed, renders good indirect service to German statecraft, because from his extremist standpoint he is always penning regretful comments on the "moderation of his country's rulers." He points, for example, to the "loyalty" which took no advantage at Russia's expense of her absorption in the Manchurian war, and insists that 1905 was a more favorable moment for the world-war than 1914. He was evidently in close touch with Kiderlen-Waechter during the later Moroccan crisis, and just because he censures his moderate policy (quoting some private utterances) we are disposed to accept his account of his and the Chancellor's policy. He represents them as holding poor-spirited views of the naval question, and sums up their policy (and more especially Kiderlen-Waechter's) as "rapprochement with Russia, rapprochement with Britain, removal as far as possible of causes of friction with France, and a forward policy in the Near East." He speaks with a certain pity of their confidence in the honor and good intentions of British policy. Yet what ground was there for suspecting it? The early attempts before the second Hague Conference to reach a naval agreement were, indeed, altogether too simple. Given the fact that Germany desired sea-power because she wanted "world-power," or, in plain words, economic and colonial expansion, it was idle to propose a naval reduction without conditions. The only hopeful course was to offer her of good-will something of what her extremists expected to get by rivalry in armaments. That was the Chancellor's idea, and the Haldane negotiations followed this course. Count Reventlow's account of them is, we think, on the whole fair in its statements of fact. The German proposal that we should be neutral in any war that was "forced upon" Germany was really a return to the old Bismarckian technique of reinsurance. Obviously, we suspected that it was a sinister effort to tie our hands in view of the war on which Germany was already bent. We refused this pledge, because it would have been misunderstood by France and Russia, and Count Reventlow himself candidly admits that it would have destroyed the Triple Entente. He insists that in return for this pledge the German shipbuilding programme would have been modified, and even suggests that Admiral von Tirpitz might have been dismissed. For the rest, he does not seek to minimise the good-will of our concessions in the Baghdad agreement, and in the understanding for the eventual acquisition by Germany of the Portuguese colonies, which was finally concluded, though at our wish it was kept secret. He has, of course, his own explanation. One sets it down, merely to reveal the power of an obsession. Sir Edward Grey (so runs the Reventlow theory) entered on these conversations merely to amuse Germany and to deceive her as to our real intentions. We had to keep her quiet until Russia's armaments were ready, and that dread date would not arrive till 1916. The Count even has the audacity to inform us that the war of annihilation had really been fixed for that year during the visit of King Edward to the Tsar at Reval in 1908. One need not answer such vaporings. What is valuable in Count Reventlow's account is his double testimony, regretfully given, to the goodwill on both sides which marked Anglo-German relations between 1912 and 1914. The war came from the cloud in the East, and on that subject the Count is meagre and uninforming. It is not in the line of his thesis.

It is not easy in a brief review to do justice to a very curious book, where value can be tested only by detail. Unfortunately, the Count gives no references, and his chronicle, though careful and (as far as a violent prepossession allows) honest, rests nearly everywhere on his own unsupported statements. He was, however, in the centre of events, and his comments on the march of German opinion and the attitude of the statesmen of the day are always intimate. The book ought to be carefully read, and (if the difficulty of copyright can be overcome) it should be promptly translated. No other document shows so clearly by what tragic worship of force, by what wanton misunderstanding, the catastrophe of this war came upon us.

#### A REVIVALIST.

"Tragedies." By ARTHUR SYMONS. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

ONE of the most curious gestures of a modern literature, so excitable, so divorced from tradition, so anxious to express itself prematurely and without training, so dubious of itself and its goal, is the revival of poetic drama. Now, let it not be forgotten that there has been no authentic poetic drama in England since the expiring inspiration of Ford, Massinger, and Shirley at and a little before the period of the closing of the theatres. Not that there is an obvious and definite break in the romantic feeling for tragic drama, even in the prose era of the Restoration. Dryden's heroic tragedies, imitative, stilted, and bombastic as they are, caught the popular ear far more readily than his comedies; Congreve made more money with "The Mourning Bride" than with a brilliant series of comedies which were always rather above the heads of his public. The eighteenth century is, of course, quite barren of poetic drama. George Lillo, the only dramatist in the Elizabethan tradition, and whose domestic tragedies have a marked affinity with realistic plays like "The Yorkshire Tragedy," wrote in prose. Shelley, Byron, Lamb, and others made experiments in the *genre*, but they were actually and avowedly closet-dramas. And the later attempts of Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson receded still further from the open Elizabethan atmosphere. But the contemporary poetic drama is not at all like that of Swinburne and Shelley. It is a factitious attempt to bring drama back into the theatre. The only comparison that will suit it, therefore, is the Elizabethan. That it is a failure, both on its realistic and its heroic side is due to the fact that it has been working not in harmony with but against contemporary tendencies. Literature is no longer a national inspiration; therefore poetic drama cannot free itself of the lamp and the study. A natural poetic drama belongs to a young, a fresh, an heroic age, conscious of itself, uniform in its appeal, direct in its volition, uncritical in its manifestations. Therefore, a modern poetic drama can only be a literary exercise. How the experimenters see a way out of this deduction we cannot tell. But the texture and quality of their work is a sufficient answer.

Mr. Arthur Symons, of course, belongs to an earlier period—more or less corresponding with the empyrics of Stephen Phillips. In the present volume he has given us three tragedies in blank verse—one with the Cornish village of Ruan for a setting, the other two following the orthodox heroic pattern of the strange and the exotic. The first of these, "The Harvesters," tells us of the secret love of Mary Raven and Peter Corin, of Mary's approaching motherhood, her Methodist father's discovery of her love and refusal ever to speak to her again, Mary's killing of her lover because he will not marry her (a deed inadequately prelude and, as the Americans say, "motivated"), her release from prison and decision to beg with the mad child, Vecchan, rather than remain in silence under her father's roof. One thing Mr. Symons has most happily avoided. Because his theme is lowly, he has not made the false analogy that his blank verse must be so too. The reason that the modern votaries of village drama have so consistently bereft their metres of all color, vivacity, light and shade, and movement is, perhaps, due to the stress of the realistic theory. But Mr. Symons on the whole writes a satisfying blank verse—too set and not modulated enough to contain and master the varying phrases of emotion in the play, but dignified if never grand, measured if never inspired. Here is a specimen:—

"Father, I could not sleep under your roof:  
These three nights past I have not slept, but lain  
On the poor friendly pillow of the ground  
Until the dreadful morning. The cold wind  
Has been more kind to me than your charity.  
And if I could have slept, for thoughts, my sleep  
Would have been sounder. And I heard the cry  
Of the companionable morning birds,  
And all the little voices of the heath,  
Instead of cruel silence, which shuts up  
Your heart into a stone. I could go mad  
To see you and be silent, as if you were  
The gaoler of a mad woman. And yet  
I must not, and I have to live. Father,  
I am your child, my child will be your child.  
Have pity!"

The matter with that, in spite of its effectiveness and fine



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measure, is that it is cold, without quite attaining the qualities of the statuesque and the mar-moreal. The play itself is far too long and diffused—it is crowded with a chorus element which adds nothing but a rather superfluous comment to the action. And we cannot escape from the deadening impression of the literary exercise. But, granted these limitations, "The Harvesters," in its competence, taste, sincerity, and poetic style compares very favorably with other dramas in the same field of treatment.

Of the other two, one deals with the hero's murder of his mother, Agrippina, and the other with Cleopatra's visit to Herod in Judæa. They are little else but episodes poetically treated, and the whole emphasis is thrown upon the vigor and quality of the blank verse. And in this respect Mr. Symons most strangely belies himself. One of the exasperating things about John Fletcher's slipshod use of blank verse is his liability to run his blank verse into hendecasyllabics. Well, Mr. Symons—a studious and methodical observer of stress and accent—does precisely the same thing. Here are two or three instances:—

"And waits on sleep; we wait not on her pleasure."

"Or that I feign to love you; and, yet, mother."

"But we are wiser; wisdom ripens slowly."

"These ten years since, and thrust me out of office."

Fletcher is even worse than Mr. Symons in this respect, because he has a habit of sticking a ludicrous "sir" or "friend" on to the end of the fifth foot. But Mr. Symons, an expert on the Elizabethan drama, ought to know better. For the plays, or rather scenes, themselves—somehow it is impossible to communicate much feeling about Cleopatra and Nero, unless their poetic treatment is a masterpiece. And Mr. Symons's tragic power comes a long way behind the anonymous old play of "Nero," which was included (and by editors who knew the internals if not the externals of poetic identities) in one of the four folios of Shakespeare. On the whole, indeed, Mr. Symons's tragedies read very fairly. They can excite very little feeling but literary curiosity; but, after all, that has its place in reading, and it is always a pleasure to read the works of a man of letters, who, if he chooses his business unwisely, knows how to perform it creditably.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE ENTENTE.

"*Histoire de l'Entente Cordiale Franco-Anglaise: Les Relations de la France et de l'Angleterre depuis le XVI.<sup>e</sup> siècle jusqu'à nos Jours.*" By J.-L. DE LANESSAN. (Félix Alcan. 3 fr. 50.)

M. DE LANESSAN'S book has many good qualities; but it suffers from a serious defect inherent in an attempt to combine in a single volume of 300 pages the subject matter both of his title and his sub-title. He seems to waver between the desire to write a history of the relations between France and England during the last three centuries, and the desire to write a diplomatic history of the twentieth century *Entente* of which he possesses the esoteric knowledge of an ex-Cabinet Minister. From the point of view of the sub-title, M. de Lanessan's excursions into seventeenth and eighteenth century history are too hurried and confined to be adequate, for the Lord Mayor's visit to France in 1895 has more space devoted to it than the whole of the period of Richelieu and Mazarin. On the other hand, the reader who is led to the book by its title will almost certainly feel that much of the rather perfunctory historical sketch of the earlier chapters is irrelevant to the real subject of the book.

A detailed study of Anglo-French relations since the *Entente* between Elizabeth and Charles IX. would be of great interest and value. Even M. de Lanessan's rapid survey brings out certain facts regarding the policy of the two countries which illuminate historically the events through which we ourselves have lived and are living. It was Prince von Bülow, if we are not mistaken, who complained that the British party system made it impossible for foreign States to rely upon any steadiness and continuity in British foreign policy. The statement is in direct contradiction with the facts of history. In no country in the world has the direction of its high politics been pursued so long

and with such steady continuity as in this country. That is because for three centuries now British foreign policy has been a national policy in the sense that it has been influenced, not by the ambitions of individuals, but by a national tradition handed on from one generation of statesmen to another. Thus, as this book shows, the relations of France and England have depended, so far as the French were concerned, to a very large extent upon the personal ambitions or ideals of a long line of Kings, Emperors, and Ministers, from Catherine de Medici, through Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. to Napoleon III., and even M. Delcassé. It is impossible to point to a national French policy, steadily pursued, and the vacillation in her attitude towards her neighbor is reflected in the ups and downs of her history. But in this country a distinct national policy, which may conveniently be called the policy of the Balance of Power and Command of the Sea, may be traced almost uninterruptedly from Elizabeth to Sir Edward Grey. Prince von Bülow was not the only German statesman who made the fatal mistake of not looking below the superficialities of English political life to the hard facts of English history. If German statesmen had not been blinded by that fatal mistake, they might have asked themselves why the succession of Sir Edward Grey to Lord Lansdowne could mean no change in the fundamental strategy of British diplomacy while the same could certainly not be said of France when, for instance, M. Delcassé was sitting in the seat once occupied by M. Hanotaux.

M. de Lanessan is therefore right in placing the main motive power of the events which led up to and included the *entente cordiale* in the traditional diplomacy and policy of Great Britain. The three cardinal principles in that policy are, as he points out, (1) opposition to any attempt to establish a hegemony on the Continent of Europe, (2) a refusal to allow the establishment of a Great Power in the North Sea immediately opposite the Coasts of Britain, and therefore a determination to protect the independence of the Low Countries, (3) British command of the sea. The *entente* was cemented by the belief of British statesmen that the German Empire was about to challenge deliberately these traditional principles, one or other of which had been unsuccessfully challenged by Philip II. of Spain, by Louis XIV., by Napoleon I., and Napoleon III. M. de Lanessan has a good deal which is both true and interesting to say about these broader historical aspects of the *entente*; his detailed account of its political and diplomatic history is also valuable. But he is rather too inclined to skate over the crucial points in his narrative, and to ignore the really important controversial questions upon which the future historian will have to concentrate his attention. Thus his treatment of the two Moroccan crises of 1905 and 1911 are singularly inadequate; he resolutely ignores the secret articles of the Anglo-French-Spanish conventions, and he makes no mention of the fact that the handling of the whole question by the French and British Foreign Offices met with severe criticism in France at the hands of persons of weight and authority. Again, despite his previous connection with the French Admiralty, his treatment of the Anglo-French naval dispositions which followed upon the *entente* cannot be regarded as satisfactory. He criticizes the French Government for having left the Channel and Atlantic coasts entirely undefended by its concentration of the fleet in the Mediterranean, and he assumes that there was no agreement with us as to our obligation to protect those coasts. He states categorically that we would have taken no part in the war unless Germany had violated the neutrality of Belgium. But this ignores the significance of Sir Edward Grey's assurance to M. Cambon on August 2nd, that if the German fleet entered the Channel or North Sea in order to undertake hostilities against the French coasts or shipping, the British Fleet would give all the protection in its power.

#### THE DESTINY OF INDIA.

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THERE occurred, some ten or fifteen years ago, a great change in the methods and aims of the political movement in India. Until that time Indian reformers had been content to press for the acceptance by the ruling Power of a very modest





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programme. They asked for a steady advance towards representative institutions, a remodelling of the revenue system, the separation in the Civil Service of executive from judicial functions, and an approach to racial equality, according to royal pledges, in the administration. This was very moderate Liberalism, not going far down towards fundamentals, and its fitting exponents were the elders who, at the close of the Ripon period in the 'eighties, brought the Indian National Congress into being.

The change that began at the turn of the century, though rapid in its manifestations, had been long preparing. For three generations or so the influences of the West had been pouring into India—through government, commerce, science and scholarship, schools and colleges, missionary effort, newspapers; the work of all these agencies being furthered by complete liberty of discussion. Until the year 1908, when repressive legislation was introduced on a serious scale, speech and writing were extraordinarily free. Moreover, the entire Eastern world, from the Bosphorus to the Pacific, was awaking, and India could not fail to be a throbbing centre of the new life. Indian Nationalism was born, and for a brief spell it blossomed amazingly. Young India dreamed of economic reconstruction, social regeneration, national renewal, and revealed a power of collective action hitherto unsuspected. Its affirmation of self-reliance took shape sometimes as an infuriated reaction against the meekness and mendicancy which was associated, rightly or wrongly, with the older leaders and their programme. The uprising was bound to come; indeed, it was overdue. All observers would agree that Lord Curzon's policy and personality stung the movement into definiteness and aggression; and by the time he was preparing to lay down his office it had gathered to itself, under a company of remarkable leaders, a following which included the brightest and finest of Indian youth, if also no little vileness and degeneracy.

Those are right who hold that in its essential character Indian Nationalism has always been religious. Sir Valentine Chirol, whose "Indian Unrest" remains unfortunately the only English attempt at a comprehensive survey, saw in it mainly a conspiracy of the Brahmins for the recovery of their vanished supremacy. This was a wild misreading which, instead of being ignored as grotesque, was accepted by the English Press and many public men as accurate and illuminating. Mrs. Besant knows better than Sir Valentine Chirol, but her exposition of the historico-religious origins is still too narrow. Apart from the political work of the National Congress, she finds four main influences: the Brahmo Samaj in Bengal, representing a blend of Eastern and Western Theism; the Arya Samaj, with its cry of "Back to the Vedas," in the North-West; the Ramakrishna Mission, embodying the ideas and the forceful purpose of the Swami Vivekananda; and the Theosophical Society. Naturally Mrs. Besant exaggerates the importance of her own organization. Theosophy has doubtless played its part as a Hindu revivalist agency among English-educated Indians; but Mrs. Besant and her friends stood markedly aloof from political Nationalism until the crisis in the Theosophical Society which, some three years ago, led to their severance from the Central Hindu College at Benares, and the consequent transfer of Mrs. Besant's main activities from the field of occult propaganda to that of political agitation in which for the first part of her public life, she was so thoroughly at home.

The little volume in which Mrs. Besant states her conception and programme of Indian nationality does less than justice to the idea of the movement, as also to her own powers of eloquent and convincing statement. We judge it to be a hasty piece of compilation, since it is largely made up of old material, such as citations from Naoroji and other past critics of the economic system, whose figures have long needed revision, and extracts from the early minute books of the National Congress. Curiously, almost every writer of a book on India deems it necessary to set off with a summary of Indian history from the earliest ages. Mrs. Besant does this for the purpose of establishing the historic continuity of India as a national unity; but the task is plainly impossible in half-a-dozen very small pages. Mrs. Besant's own absence in India doubtless explains the many bad misprints, but it cannot be held to excuse errors of fact. Thus, in the preface, Mr. B. G. Tilak is mentioned as being favorable to the British connection, and therefore in

opposition to the Bengali extremists; on page 71 he is linked with the Bengali leaders, Arabindo Ghose and Bipin Chandra Pal, as seeing "no salvation for India save in total repudiation of any co-operation with the English." The two eminent Tagores—Rabindra the poet and Abanindra the painter—are spoken of as brothers, which they are not. Lord Minto was not "sent by the Liberal Party . . . to heal the wounds made by Lord Curzon"; he was appointed by the Balfour Government. It is a mistake to say (of the year 1903) that Lord Curzon "had initiated a veritable reign of terror"; such freedom of life and action as existed in India was not touched until the terrible Curzon had given place to the mild and gentlemanlike Minto.

#### CONTRASTS.

"Non-Combatants." By ROSE MACAULAY. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

"The Chaste Wife." By FRANK SWINNERTON. (Secker. 6s.)

To say that the particular kind of excellence in Miss Macaulay's novel came as a certain surprise to us is no reflection upon her. Her previous work, particularly "The Making of a Bigot," was of such a quality that to expect the commonplace, the sentimental, or the tawdry from her would have been folly. No; what surprises us is that a woman and not a man should have written "Non-Combatants." Before we are accused of sex prejudice and partisanship, let us explain why. There are two reasons—in the first place, because the women's movement, in spite of its political adroitness, in spite of the obvious justice and reasonableness of its demands, has not been over-rich in imaginative force and intellectual ideas; in the second place, because the "ethos," the stamp and tone of "Non-Combatants" is not feminine, but masculine. Now it is absurd to deny that there are certain differences in self-expression between the male and the female mind—differences less of quality and workmanship than of method, attitude, and approach. And most thoughtful people would, we think, acknowledge that the spectatorial point of view, with its concomitants of irony, detachment, and critical analysis, is more often discovered in the author than the authoress. Not that this attribute is necessarily a permanent possession of the masculine temper, for it is to be hoped that women, when they have secured the political privileges to which they are entitled, will be less ready to accept them, rather than more stable and humanistic advantages, as the final valuation. Miss Macaulay, at any rate, is a pioneer in that direction. Her story has the faintest plot interest, and is concerned almost exclusively with the effect of the war upon a group of widely contrasted people at home. Not the kind of people who write to the papers and talk of their new-found spiritual strength and "purposefulness," but the kind of people to whom the war is primarily a devastating tragedy. Miss Macaulay takes no specific or partisan attitude; she is there simply to register and express the distractions, chaos, and dissolution it has brought. Her only declaration of policy is a passionate hope for peace, and in that, she declares, she is not alone:—

"But, oh, it wasn't sense, it was madness, to talk as if people differed in aim and desire, not merely in method. For there was one disease everyone had in these days, beneath, through, and above their thousand others. People wanted money, wanted victory, wanted liberty, wanted economic individualism, wanted socialism, wanted each other, wanted love, wanted beauty, wanted virtue, wanted a vote, wanted fame, wanted genius, wanted God, wanted things to eat, even to drink, wanted more wages, wanted less taxes, less work, wanted children, wanted adventure, wanted death, wanted democracy, oligarchy, anarchy, any other archy, wanted new clothes, wanted a new heaven or a new earth, or both, wanted the old back again, wanted the moon. They wanted any and all of these things and a thousand more; but through them, above them, beneath them, a quenchless fire of longing, burning, searing, and consuming more passionately as the crazy weeks of frustration swung by, they wanted peace. . . . Even some who wanted nothing else in this world or any other, just had enough energy to want peace. There were those so tired and so forlorn and so battered and broken that they could scarcely want at all; they had lost too much. They had almost too utterly lost their health, or their courage, or their limbs, or their hope, or their faith, or their sons,





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husbands, brothers, lovers, and friends, or their minds, to want anything from life except its end; but still, with broken, drifting, numbed desires, they wanted peace. . ."

But is not Miss Macaulay reasoning too rashly from the particular to the general? That is practically the only passage in which Miss Macaulay steps definitely into the arena. Elsewhere she is the ironist, pitifully taking stock of poor humanity struggling in its Serbonian bog. To people for whom the immediacy of events is all, her attitude will appear shocking, disreputably remote. At any rate, it is a constructive attitude; it does realize that there is a future ahead, and that the preservation of a mental poise and equilibrium is a kind of self-dedication to that future. And whatever the social aspects of Miss Macaulay's detachment, there can be no doubt that it is the hope of literature. For one thing, how infinitely more suggestive and actual is this aloofness and discrimination than the realistic method. A soldier in the trenches might copy down exactly what he saw and present a more blurred impression of reality than the spectator who brings the principle of artistic choice to bear. We do not wish to claim too much for "Non-Combatants." The style is often slack and careless, the characterization rather ready-made, the construction haphazard. But its freshness, mental grasp, quick insight, and stern sense of veracity make it so promising that Miss Macaulay, her mastery of her material more maturely developed, ought to make a considerable name for herself.

It is bad luck for Mr. Swinnerton's novel to be placed in juxtaposition with "Non-Combatants." Its faults are thrown into relief so much more severely. Stephen is an industrious, courageous, independent journalist without means, who marries his social superior, Priscilla; and the book is the log of their marital cruise. Mr. Swinnerton means Stephen's ethical precision and intolerance to be impressive. Unfortunately, he is exactly what Badoureaux, Priscilla's former suitor, very aptly calls him—"a sour, rancorous prig." So that when Badoureaux practically kisses Priscilla by force, with Stephen's malevolent parent eavesdropping, our sympathies are not where the author requires them. And the whole incident of Stephen's noble forbearance, when his father puts his own construction on what he has seen, is so wooden and devoid of artistic truth that the reconciliation of the husband and wife leaves us with a sense of futility rather than fulfilment. Mr. Swinnerton is just the opposite of the spectator; he rushes head-long into his story, and loses himself in its labyrinths. The style is clumsy and overloaded with ornament, the psychology unconvincing, and the story muddled by interminable discussions about art and sociology. "The Chaste Wife" bears every evidence of hard work, but its doughiness of effect makes us compare it unfavorably with the clearness and sharpness of Miss Macaulay's book.

### The Week in the City.

In spite of M. Ribot's statement to the "Times," the City Editor of the "Morning Post" continues to warn us not to expect too much from "the Gold Pool"; and his warnings are confirmed by a further decline this week in the gold stock of the Bank of England. In the Foreign Exchanges a notable feature is the rise in the value of the Swiss currency, which is now at a premium of about 6d. over the sovereign. The value of the Russian rouble, which recovered smartly on Roumania's entry into the war, has

slipped back to the rate of 150 roubles to the ten-pound note. Before the war a rouble was worth two shillings. The stock markets have been dull, and there has been some relapse in gilt-edged stocks and Home Railways. The demands of the railwaymen are alarming to shareholders, whose dividends have been cut into by income-tax; but on Thursday, with hopes of a compromise, the market position became rather steadier. One of the features during the week has been buying of Peruvians on Dutch account. As a result of this, Peruvian Preferences have risen to 27. There is some uneasiness in well-informed circles about our commercial and diplomatic relations with neutrals, as a result of the further prohibition of trade, especially with Holland and Scandinavia. The City has so many valuable clients in these countries that it is anxious to avoid friction.

#### UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

During the week a fresh recovery in the price of "Steels" has been established, the quotation going up to £110. As recently as last year, when dividends were suspended, the price went down to 46½, the lowest in recent years. The wonderful recovery in the company's position, of course, more or less justifies the advance in the quotation. In 1914, owing to the depression in the iron and steel industry, the company's net earnings fell to the lowest point in its history, and it not only failed to earn anything on its Common stock, but did not cover the full preferred dividend. But since then earnings have steadily advanced, quarter by quarter, and for the three months ending June last they amounted to no less than 81 million dollars, as compared with less than 10 million dollars for the last quarter of 1914. From 1911 to 1913 5 per cent. dividends were paid on the Common stock, and in 1914 4½ per cent. In 1915 there were no distributions, but dividends were resumed in March, 1916, when a quarterly distribution of 5 per cent. per annum was made. In July last another quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent. actual was announced, plus an extra 1 per cent., making the rate for the quarter 9 per cent. per annum. The corporation was formed in 1901, and owns through subsidiaries, a vast number of steel and iron works, mines, extensive areas of coal and timber lands, and 1,058 miles of railway. On December 31st last, the balance-sheet showed a total undivided surplus, including that of subsidiaries, and after providing for dividends paid in February and March, 1916, of \$180,025,000, the reserve funds stood at \$36,046,000.

#### CALICO PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION

The preliminary figures issued a month ago by the Calico Printers' Association showed a remarkable recovery in profits, and the report for the year ended June 30th last enables the following comparison to be made:—

	1913.	1914.	1915.	1916.
	£	£	£	£
Gross Profit	718,851	443,786	210,818	1,104,732
Maintenance and Depreciation	216,174	210,276	261,994	312,345
Net Profit, less Debenture Interest	374,677	105,510	*179,176	664,387
Reserve, &c.	150,000	150,000	200,000	300,000
Dividends	226,208	150,805	nill.	351,878
Ordinary Rate	34%	nill.	nill.	24%

\* Loss † Withdrawn from Reserve.

In order to pay debenture interest a year ago £200,000 had to be taken from the Reserve Fund, but after payment of this year's interest, amounting to £128,000, the Reserve Fund is credited with £300,000, and the preference dividend which was passed a year ago is paid in full. The ordinary dividend of 2½ per cent. requires £50,268, leaving £38,053 to be carried forward. The sudden return to prosperity has also enabled the directors to improve the balance-sheet position.

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